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# RUBAIYAT-I-SARMAD

Edited and Translated

BY

**FAZL MAHMUD ASIRI, M. A**

*Professor, Urdu and Islamic Studies, Visva-Bharati*

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## FOREWORD

( Translation from Persian )

The few days ( from the 8th to the 14th of Azar, 1828 ) that I have been here in Santiniketan in connection with the World Pacifist Conference, would be the most memorable period of my life. On whatever side I take my step here in this hospitable sun and the kindly winter I find the inspiring tangible monuments of Rabindranath Tagore, the great poet of India and the founder of the Visva-Bharati University. Every thing here suggests the grandeur of its founder, and I believe he would always be counted as one of the immortals of his land His Santiniketan and the Visva-Bharati will ever flourish in the world of learning and among the lovers of Science

One of the great things of this visit is the meeting and acquaintance with Mr Fazl Mahmud, Professor of Urdu in this University, and the compiler of this book "Rubaiyat-i-Sarmad' It is really a matter of great wonder, pleasure, and satisfaction, to see some one so much interested in Persian and with so deep a knowledge of the language and literature of Iran—especially at so distant a place as the fertile valley of Bengal During these few days that I have been in the company of Mr Mahmud, I have felt almost amazed at his mastery over the languages of various lands, particularly of our own On learning from him about the work he had done on Rubaiyat of Sarmad and which he had made ready for press, I felt a great desire to go through it I took over the manuscript ( comprising of three daftars ) from him and ran through it with great scrutiny in course of a day and a night.

Now, as I have gone through these pages I will ever look forward to the time when the book is actually published and presented to the seekers of these jewels of literature Indeed, the services rendered by the Indians to the Persian literature is far more than they could be recounted in a page or two , it would require a regular book of great volume to do full justice to them.

**It needs my saying but very little of the compiler's love for and interest in Persian language and literature ; every word and every line of this book speaks itself of it. I express deep gratitude on behalf of all the scholars of Iran who love their country so much, for the invaluable contribution Mr. Mahmud has made. I wish him success and due reward from God, and I hope this fountain of *Good* would continue to benefit ( the people ) and the compiler would not abandon his efforts towards the revival of the literature of Iran.**

Santiniketan.
14th of Azar, 1328
Dec. 7, 49

SA'ID NAFICY
Professor of Iranian Lit
University of Tehran

## PREFACE

Mysticism is a subject on which anything can be written with some technical formalities It is the result of an attempt on the part of man to explore the infinite world of metaphysics. Man approaches in that direction from different angles and so the impressions also are different and varied It is only with a great amount of sympathy or better with a "mystic heart" that we can understand their real import Just as Goethe has said :

Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters lande gehen

To understand a mystic, one has to become a mystic himself This is just the reason for which I was reluctant to take up mysticism as the subject of my study But it was impossible to avoid it altogether as Sufism constitutes one of the noblest contributions to human thought

At the suggestion of Prof. K M Sen, the former Head of our Research Department, a benign old man and himself a student of mysticism, I decided to take up "Sarmad", a Sufi poet of Kashan, as the subject of my study. It has been an extremely uphill task for dearth of materials I had to work practically single-handed all the time, hunting up various sources for the fragments of Sarmad's composition I have ultimately succeeded in bringing together the available materials and presenting this volume to the students of Persian poetry A part of the introduction and the English translation of some of the rubais appeared in the Visva-Bharati Quarterly 1947 and 1948. This aroused a great interest in the work in various quarters.

The work would not have seen the light of the day without encouragement from various friends My thanks are due first of all to my friends Sri Pankaj C Banerjee and Sri P Mondol of Santiniketan and Hidayat Ullah Sahar of Nawan Qila. I have also to thank Prof Sudhir Chandra Roy of the History Depatment for helping in the verification of a number of historical facts,

and Dr. J. C Tavadia of the Hamburg University, at present Professor of Zoroastrian Studies at Santiniketan and Prof. M. Z. Siddiqi of the Calcutta University for kindly looking though the translation. I am also grateful to Dr Sa'id Naficy of the Teheran University for kindly consenting to write a foreword to the book. He read the Persian quatrains and made valuable suggestions

Besides, I am specially grateful to Dr P C. Bagchi, the present Head of our Research Department, for taking interest in the publication of the book Thanks are due also to the Director of the Translation and Publication Department of Osmania University ( Hyderabad ) for facilities in the printing of the Persian text in the University Press

Santiniketan FAZL MAHMUD ASIRI

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# INTRODUCTION

O SARMAD, expect not love from the people of this world
A tree without foliage is no shelter against the sun.
Honour lies with contentment and disgrace with greed ,
Live with honour and seek not to live in disgrace
—Sarmad.

Sarmad an eminent sufi poet of Kashan ( Persia ), who met with ghastly end at Delhi in A H 1070/ A D 1660 for his heretical views in regard to religion, was a man of great parts, distinguished for his proficiency in literature, philosophy and science. Like all other great poets of mystical predilections and advanced in spiritualism he was a free thinker and his expressions sometimes contradicted the formal rules of shariat It is due to his free expressions ( which were taken as blashphemic ) that he was apprehended by the authorities of the state as a danger to the faith and sentenced to death after a summary trial by the court presided over by Mulla Qavi, his great opponent, and executed outside the main gate of Juma' Masjid ( the cathederal mosque of Delhi built by Shah Jahan ) where his tomb stands up to this day

According to some writers, the reason for this unfortunate treatment of the emperor towards Sarmad was only the latter's attachment to Dara Shikuh, and his open support for Dara's succession to the throne of Delhi [1] This may be true indeed , a ruler of Aurangzeb's vigilance and caution would hardly have left unpunished any of the associates of his arch-enemy, who might intrigue against his authority in future He must have perceived the danger which lay in allowing Sarmad to go about freely and exercise his influence over the general public and he therefore arranged for his removal Otherwise how many babblers there were who were seen wandering about the streets of the

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1 Manucci, a Portuguese traveller in India during Shah Jahan's reign states that Sarmad's relations with the crown-prince Dara were the main cause of Sarmad's execution Vide Manucci's Storia do Mogor v 1, p 228

imperial capital and other big towns of the Mughal Empire, and their utterances were not quite in consonance with the true principles of Islam ![2]

However, Aurangzeb by this action, good or bad, did a great service, unwittingly though, to the cause of mystics and mystic poetry; for the account of Sarmad's execution with exaggerated tales of his great forbearance and fortitude had their psychological effect His verses, particularly his quatrains, were thereafter treated as the sacred relics of a great martyr and hence every care was taken to record and preserve them There is every reason to believe that Sarmad's name like those of many of his contemporaries, both poets and mystics would have been left in oblivion, had Aurangzeb been a little more scrupulous in exercising his authority and a bit more tolerant towards those who differed from him in religious or political matters

As in the case of many other great personalities of the past who distinguished themselves in various spheres among their contemporaries, account of Sarmad's life available from different *tadhkiras* is by no means satisfactory The historians of the time of Aurangzeb, like Mirza Kazim who recorded the events of early ten years of Aurangzeb's reign, are silent over the death of Sarmad, although that had been a very well known event Evidently the Mirza did not possess the courage to face the king's wrath Anyway, from the references about Sarmad given in Mira'tul Khayal of Sher Khan Lodhi, Majmá ul Afkar, Dabistán-i-Madhábab of Mobid Shah, Ma'áthir ul Umará, and Riadush Shu'arà of Walih Daghistani, we can patch up an account which can serve our purpose to some extent

Muhammad Sa'id commonly known by his nom de plume 'Sarmad'[3] was born at Kashan, an important business centre in Persia, in the time of Shah Abbas the Great (d. 1618 A. D.) in a well-to-do family of Armenian Jews According to the custom prevalent amongst the Jews, Sarmad began his education with the study of Jewish theology and completed the course in a

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2 See Bernier's Travels p 317. Ma'athir ul umara I, p. 227

3 Kalimatush Shuara p 50 Muhammad Sa'id is his muslim name only His Jewish name has not been given anywhere. Ma'athir ul Umara calls him as Sa'ida-i-Sarmad

comparatively shorter time. He is said to have committed Torah, the Jewish scripture, to his memory and qualified himself for a Rabi ( priest ). In order to widen his views about religion he took up the study of the New Testament and other books on Christianity which he is said to have completed with the same zest and earnestness as before. Still he felt that his present attainments were not sufficient to satisfy his innate urge for wider knowledge, and he applied himself heart and soul to learning Islamic theology and sciences In fact, he was gifted with marvellous capacity to grasp and assimilate the contents of any religious book It did not take him long to acquire sufficient knowledge about Islam In the Arabic and Persian languages, he had almost attained to perfection, and had very few among his contemporaries as his equal He was fortunate enough to find two renowned scholars as his teachers, viz Mulla Sadra and Abul Qasim Findarski [4] It is believed that at the instance of his teachers Sarmad revoked his ancestoral faith and embraced Islam. Judged from his free expressions almost bordering upon blasphemy and his attachment to Mulla Sadra and Findarski, whose luke-warm orthodoxy and inclination towards ancient Indian faith had actually led him to great difficulties, Sarmad's conversion to Islam is regarded by some as merely a hoax This however is a false charge which Sarmad has refuted in his own writings For instance he says

> Sarmad thou hast won a great name
> As thou hast turned away from infidelity to Islam

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4 Dabistan-i Madhahab p 194

*Mulla Sadruddin of Shiraz* commonly known as Mulla Sadra was a great philosopher and free thinker After his father's death he migrated to Isfahan and studied with Mir Damad and Sheikh Baha i He subsequently retired to a village near Qum where he lived a secluded and austere life, engaged in meditation He is said to have died during one of his pilgrimages to Mecca which he performed on foot ( A D 1640 ) ( For details vide, Hist. of Persian Lit. by Prof Browne : iv )

*Abul Qasim Findarski* ( d 1050/1640 ) was noted for his poetry and philosophy. He was very careless about appearance, dressing like a dervish, avoiding the society of the rich and the noble. He journeyed to India and there imbibed Zoroastrian and Buddhistic ideas which led him to declare against pilgrimage to Mecca ( Browne, Hist of Persian Lit. iv )

5. See Rubaiyat i-Sarmad radif 'Y'.

Sarmad bajahàn base niko nàm shudi
As madhhab-i kufr chun su'e islàm shudi.

Besides this, his quatrains written in praise of the Prophet Muhammad and quoted by Mulla Mobid in his 'Dabistan' bear witness to the fact that he changed his faith at his early age at least before his arrival in India.[6]

As for the account of Sarmad's life prior to his arrival in India we have practically no authentic report at our disposal. Presumably after the completion of his education and conversion to Islam, Sarmad entered into trade, his ancestral vocation, and carried it on for some time until he was prompted by greater gains somewhere overseas India and Persia ( Iran ) being closely linked up economically and culturally, the traders of both the countries moved freely from one to the other Sarmad too chose India for the disposal of his wares

The compiler of Majma'ul Afkar records, on the authority of Mu'tamad Khan, the author of the well-known Iqbal Namah Jahangiri, who had met Sarmad in Lahore in A. H 1044, that Sarmad arrived in India in the year 1042 ( 1631 ), settled down at Tattha, the then capital and port of Sindh. As the account of Mu'tamad Khan gives some interesting details about Sarmad's life at Tattha, it will not be quite out of place to quote the entire passage here for the benefit of our story.

"Sarmad the son of a Jew after staying for some time with Sheikh Bahaud Din Muhammad and Muhammad Baqir[7] came by sea to Tattha in A. H 1042 Here he fell in love with a boy named Abhay Chand[8] who first showed no inclination toward him Fearing scandal the boy's father reported the matter to

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6 Dabistan . p 195 The following rubai suggests Sarmad's belief in the Prophethood of Muhammad—he being the last of the Prophets .

From thy face the heart of the red rose comes to bloom,
Its inside is all blood, and outward red rose ,
Thou hast come after Yusuf just because in the garden,
First blooms the yellow flower and then the red rose

7. The author seems to have confused Mulla Sadra and Findarski with the other two great scholars of the time, who were also their teachers ( For the life account of the latter two scholars see Browne Hist of Persian Lit Vol IV )

6 According to Tadhkira Nasirabadi ( see Ma'arif May, 1946 ) Abay Chand was the son of raja or landlord of Sindh who became much influenced by the mystical views of Sarmad and became his devoted disciple.

Muhammad Beg the Bakhshi and chronicler of Tattha, and concealed the boy in an unknown place. The separation from the boy brought distraction and madness to Sarmad so that he threw away the clothes and became naked At this time he received the following verse from Muhammad Beg :

> Had I the vast treasures of heaven in hand,
> In place of dirhams I would have given stars to the poor

"In reply to this Sarmad sent the following quatrain to Muhammad Beg

> O breeze convey this message to Mirza Bakhshi
> Who wields his power over higher heavens .
> Since thou couldst grant stars in place of dirhams
> Be kind enough to grant me my 'sun

"As the love of Sarmad was pure and chaste it produced miraculous effect on the boy who cut off his connection with the parents and joined Sarmad After sometime both of them came to Lahore and when the emperor returned to that place from Kashmir[8] I ( Mu'tamad Khan ) traced the whereabouts of Sarmad in a garden and went to visit him there I found him naked, covered with thick crisped hair all over the body and long nails in his fingers He spoke too much and uttered verses He spoke correct Persian and was a poet "[9]

From the account of Sarmad's contemporary we come to know of three important things which we are not quite safe to contradict viz the year of Sarmad's arrival in India, his platonic love for the young boy resulting in his renunciation of the world, and his visit to Lahore in A H. 1044 when Shah Jahan returned to that place from Kashmir [10]

Dabistan our second source of reliance, though does not give date of Sarmad's arrival, corroborates his love for the boy,

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9 Shah Jahan returned from Kashmir in Jamadius Sani, 1044 A H ( See Badshah Namah )

10 Majma'u Athar the only Ms copy of which is preserved in the Bankipore Public Libray is a work of rare value It contains letters, famous historical records, etc , of the kings and princes and others and writings of poets and essayists ( Ms. 8 fol 195b—Vide cat Persian IX p. 87 )

his giving away of his entire wealth to the poor and renouncing the world Sarmad's nudity and moving about the crowded streets in *partibus naturalibus* might have caused a great resentment among the cultured society of the provincial capital, as he professed Islam and as among the Muslims few behaved in this manner, but it seems he cared little for that, for we find him naked all through his life[11]

En passant we need here clarify the important point concerning this unusual love affair which is likely to create some misunderstanding in the modern mind and tarnish the fair name of our great sufi The idea of loving a youth appears to be repugnant to the moralists of the modern age This is probably due to its later developments and practices in various parts of the world, transgressing the ethical limitations But with the sufis of the medieval times, beauty in any form was just a manifestation of the Lord—the Creator of all things. They believed that the beauty of the youth as that of any other thing, was a symbol for the attributes of the Creator and they considered the worship of it as the only way to reach Him And there actually comes a stage when the sufi finds no distinction between the creator and the object of his love[12]

Whatever may be the explanation of this love[13] we find no moral flaw, as far as the records available go, and as far as the extremely distracted condition of the sufi suggests, in the behaviour of Sarmad His relation with or attachment to Abhay Chand was that of yogi to his devoted disciple or father to a son Abhay Chand lived with Sarmad all through his life, dying only out of grief after the execution of the latter (J A S B XX-P 112)

Sarmad taught Abhay Chand the then prevalent sciences and literature and the latter is believed to have made good progress in them He taught his disciple the Pentateuch and the

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11 *Mu'tamad Khan*, Muhammad Sharif entitled Mu'tamad Khan held an important post in the courts of Jahangir and Shah Jahan He compiled his famous history book, the Iqbal Namah Jahangiri in A. D 1619

12 Sarmad has said .

In this world's old monasery I do not know,
Whether my Lord is Abhay Chand or some one else

13 For full details see, *Punjabi Sufi Poetry* by Lajwanti Rama Krishna p 20.

Psalms The Persian translation of the opening chapter of the Genesis now incorporated in the Dabistan was made by Abhay Chand[14] Abhay Chand had also developed talents for writing poetry, but unfortunately we do not have anything of it, except the following verse given in Dabistán

Ham mati'a furqanam ham qashishi ruhbanam
Rabbiyi yuhudanam kafiram musalmanam[15]

The couplet suggests cosmopolitan nature of Abhay Chand's faith, as to him one religion was as good as the other This is the true reflection of the spirit of his guru which Abhay Chand might have imbibed in the course of his long stay with him

Sarmad could stay but for a little time at Tattha[16] His distracted state in the love of the Lord did not allow him to rest for a while at a place where worldliness flowed thick and deep He and his disciple left the town in favour of long wanderings through the length and the breadth of the country He travelled about until he reached Lahore where Mu'tamad khan met him in a garden in 1044/1634 when long crisped hair had grown over his body and long nails in his fingers How long did he stay at Lahore, we do not know But from the account of Mu tamad Khan it is quite evident that he was fairly popular there and his assembly was attended by men of all sorts Even the courtiers of high positions felt attracted towards him

Again we find Sarmad after nearly thirteen years at Hyderabad ( 1057A H/1646 ) On his way to Hyderabad from Lahore whether he stayed at Delhi or Agra, the imperial capital which being the centre of cultural and political activities was attracting visitors from all over the country, is very much doubtful. If at all he came to Delhi or Agra he did not attract the notice of the crown-prince Dara who being much devoted to mysticism was always on the look out to meet such saints of high order , otherwise Dara would have mentioned Sarmad's name in his Sakinatul

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14 Dabistan p 135

15 I am at once a follower of the Quran, a priest
A monk, a Jewish rabbi, an infidel and a Muslim.

16 The author of Dabistan is stated to have met Sarmad in Sindh ( probably at Tattha ) in 1048 A. H Vide Manucci IV 427

Awlia, a biography of saints, which he completed in 1049 A. H. This shows that the friendship that existed between Dara and Sarmad was only a later, development when the latter had returned to Delhi from Hyderabad

At Hyderabad Sarmad was respected by king Abdullah Qutub Shah ( d A H 1083 ) and his Chief Minister Shaikh Muhammad Khan. The Shaikh had a special regard for him, the feeling which was duly reciprocated by Sarmad Sarmad wrote the following rubai euologising Shaikh Muhammad ·

> O Shaikh, thou encompasseth the heavenly orbit
> like a circle—
> May hundreds of heavens wait upon thee as slaves.
> Turn this poor man's night into bright day,
> As thou enjoyeth the sun-shine favours of King Kutub
> Shah.[17]

Besides the king and his chief minister, the people of all other ranks visited Sarmad and were benefited by his mystical exhortations, and his blessings In the year 1059 A H. Mobid Shah, the author of Dabistán our oft quoted source and a book of rare value dealing with the different religions and creeds of India ( known to the author ), was present in the assembly, in which Sarmad blessed Mir Jumla with a high position The prophecy of the saint was fulfilled word for word. Mir Jumla soon after that joined the Mughal army and became a high officer there and later on was appointed as the governor of Bengal [17] In the same year, Sarmad warned the chief minister of the latter's approaching death, the prophecy which also turned out to be true. The chief minister, Shaikh Muhammad, of a mystical bent of mind as he was, took the words of the saint as infallible and determined therefore to meet the death in a befitting manner. He started on his pilgrimage to Mecca, but on the way just near the Arabian coast there arose a dreadful storm and the ship sank along with Shaikh Muhammad Khan and all other pilgrims.[18]

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17 Dabistan . p 195

18 The diwan of poems of Abdullah Qutub Shah is preserved in the British Museum See for his life "History of the poets of Southern India" by M. Munawar. p. 192.

At Hyderabad Sarmad's main occupation was to recite extempore his Persian quatrains which the poets and the mystics of the town heard with great interest. The quatrains as a matter of fact are the chief vehicle of the sufistic expression, and each and every sufi or every one with sufistic bent of mind has tried his hand in it, but there have been very few good quatrain writers Sarmad in fact is one of those few who excelled in it for originality of thought and expression His actual state coupled with the beauty of his expression gave a great significance to his quatrains and his name came to be known all over the country, transcending even the boundaries of the dominions of king Qutub Shah

### Sarmad at Delhi

The exact date of Sarmad's arrival in Delhi is not recorded anywhere In any case he had come before the Emperor Shah Jahan fell ill and left for Agra to recover or to die in the sight of his beloved wife's tomb,—the famous Taj Mahal.[19] Sarmad's fame as a poet and the stories of his miraculous feats had already preceded him to the imperial capital One could imagine how the people so anxious to see Sarmad, might have flocked round him on his arrival there The great number of course might have been attracted by his peculiar looks and strange behaviour. Bernier, the French physician, who was present at the time and had seen Sarmad several times moving about stark naked writes, "I was for a very long time disgusted with the celebrated Fakir, named Sarmad, who paraded the streets of Delhi as naked as when he came into the world. He despised equally the promises and the threats of Aurangzeb."[20] Manucci referred to above also writes about Sarmad's going about naked except when he appeared before the

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19. Shah Jahan fell ill in the year 1067/1657 and he left for Agra only a little later He recovered from his illness but by that time many things of far reaching consequences had taken place He found himself deposed and virtually a prisoner in the Agra Fort

20. Travels, 817

prince Dara Shikhuh when he contented himself with a piece of cloth hiding his private parts.[21]

Indeed, his verses and his distracted condition had impressed the people to a great deal. But the one who felt more impressed by the saint was, Prince Dara Shikuh[22] whose court Sarmad very gladly attended and with whom he became very intimate. The prince had really a great regard for Sarmad, and always addressed him as his *pir* or preceptor. This unhappy friendship between Dara and Sarmad which ultimately took away the lives of both of them, was only due to the reason of their liberal religious outlook. One might say (as stated elsewhere) that both of them cared much for their mystic view even though it ran counter to the orthodox belief.[23] The prince wanted to present the saint to the Emperor Shah Jahan who himself was no less attached to the mystics and sufis. The emperor, in order to verify the miraculous powers of the saint ( Sarmad ) as reported by the prince, sent 'Inàyat Khan, an influential figure of his court to meet Sarmad. But 'Inàyat Khan, not being impressed by the outward appearance of the sufi and regarding the stories about his miracles merely fantastic imagination of the mystic-lovers, submitted to Shah Jahan only the following couplet .

> It's wrong to ascribe any miracles to Sarmad,
> The revelation is only the revelation of
> his private parts !

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21 Storia do Mogor I, 228.

22 The life account of Dara Shikuh the crown-prince, and the eldest son of Shah Jahan, reads like a story of pathos and misery His love for mystics and search for blessings from them was just to evade the real issues which he was not strong enough to face. His universality in the matter of faith has been appreciated by many writers, as he contributed much towards bringing cordial relations among different sections of his subjects But according to some it was just a political stunt It does not befit a sufi to hanker after a state, and also urge the other mystics to pray for his success He was taken prisoner by Aurangzeb and beheaded in 1069 A H ( 1658 A. D )

23. Sher Khan Lodhi the author of Mir'atul Khayal writes · "As Sultan Dara Shikuh had a liking for the lunatics, he invited Sarmad to his court and enjoyed his discourses for a considerable time." According to Manucci "Dara had no religion He had a great delight in talking with a Hebrew atheist Sarmad..."

But the emperor understanding the report partial and prejudised said :

Just a piece of rough cloth could silence the scandalous tongue.[24]

Whether the saint actually appeared before the king or not, we are not quite sure of it, but this is evident that the scandalous tongues could not do any harm to the naked saint because of the fear of the crown-prince. The friendship persisted in spite of the disapproval of the orthodox people of the court and outside. Visits were exchanged and also letters between them, and the discussions in both centred on mysticism It is pity that just one letter of Dara Shikuh to Sarmad, and the latter's reply to it have been preserved for us Dara addresses Sarmad in this letter as his preceptor and guide ( Pir-o murshid ) and the latter to the former as 'Aziz-i-man' ( dear friend )

Dara Shikuh wrote Sarmad :

My preceptor and guide
Every day I resolve to pay my respects to you But it remains unacomplished. If I be I—wherefore is my intension of no account ? If I be not, where is my fault ( i e. who is responsible for it ) ? If the murder of Imam Husain was the Will of God, who is Yazid between them ? If it is not the Divine Will, what is the meaning of · 'God does whatever He wills, commands whatever He intends'. The most excellent prophet used to go to fight against the infidels, defeat was inflicted on the army of Islam. ( Why ? ) The exoteric scholars say it was an education , for the perfect what education was necessary ?

To this Sarmad replied :

My dear friend

Whatever we read, we have now forgotten,
Save the discourse of the Beloved which we reiterate [25]

From the letter above we can know the trend of the discussions held between the two great sufis. The problems seem to be of

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24. J. A. S. B. (N S ) XX, 112. Ma'arif, 1946.
25. *Ibid.*

an intricate nature which the orthodox believers would only answer with a serene silence, for anything as a reply to them may be misunderstood and take them outside the pale of shariah. But it was different with the real mystics who approached the Truth by a different path

Dara's court was always full of mystics and their discussions such as given above, were carried on to his utter disregard of the state responsibilities which his position as a crown-prince had put on his shoulders. For this negligence to his state duties, he had soon to pay dearly The discussions were soon over, as Aurangzeb seized the throne, and the patron of the mystics fell dead at the sword of the executioner.[26] The persecution of the associates of the crown-prince started and our friend Sarmad too met with the same fate as his patron. We will discuss about his death with a little more detail, as they throw much light on the devotion of Sarmad to his ideals

### Sarmad's End

Aurangzeb who succeeded Shah Jahan after having deposed him from his throne, was very strict in regard to Shariah and any kind of relaxation in the matter of religion was not tolerated by him Under the circumstances he could not see eye to eye with the faith expressed by Dara Shikuh and his associates. Besides Dara's relations with his brothers, especially with Aurangzeb, were not at all cordial He always tried to keep every one of them away from the court so that they might not find any opportunity to win the favour of the emperor Shah Jahan. Also he feared that their presence in the close proximity of the throne, was likely to expose his own weaknesses, and that the presence of the rivals might distrub his mystic parleys. The sufis and mystics of his court were all in favour of his taking the crown and the kingdom It is reported that Sarmad had actually prophesied that it was destined that only Dara Shikuh would become the king Now as Dara was killed, Sarmad was brought before Aurangzeb who asked him where then his devoted prince

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26 For details about the war between Aurangzeb and Dara, see Bernier's eye-witness account.

was about whom he had prophesied. Sarmad replied "He is present now but you cannot see him, for you tyrannise over those of your own blood, and in order to usurp the kingdom, you took away the life of your brothers and did other barbarities."[27] And also he is reported to have said that Dara had gained the kingdom of eternity which Aurangzeb was not able to get at any cost ( vide J A S B *op. cit.* ) The answer became the cause of further annoyance of the Emperor Anyway, Dara's death was a signal for the dispersal of the society of the sufis and their apprehension one after the other Mulla Shah of Badakhshan was called from his quiet hermitage in Kashmir to answer for his attachment to Dara Shikuh[28] Other mystics or supporters of Dara were summarily tried and punished But Sarmad was still at large. His influence over the people, high and low, was too great to be ignored by Aurangzeb To get rid of Sarmad was rather a difficult hurdle to cross over

The Ulamas of the court as it was done in the case of Dara Shikuh, were consulted in order to find out means to finish with Sarmad. The orthodox mullas' advice was to declare the sufi as Kafir ( infidel ) for the reasons given below

1 Sarmad moved about naked and nudity in that form was not allowed by Shariah So his behaviour was an open challenge to Islam.

2 Sarmad uttered only the first half of the first part of the Kalima ( Lá iláha ) which evidently suggested denial of the existence of God

3 Sarmad did not believe in the physical ascension of the Prophet Muahmmad, which was quite contrary to the commonly held belief. As an evidence to this the following quatrain of Sarmad was quoted :

He who understood the secrets of the Truth
Became vaster than the vast heaven ,
Mulla says 'Ahmad went to heaven' ,
Sarmad says 'nay, heaven came down to Ahmad '

( See text, Quatrain : 128 ).

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27 Manucci I, 864

28 Mullah Shah was a disciple of Mian Mir of Lahore He died in Lahore in 1072 A H. ( M. K 200 ).

Indeed according to impartial judges the excuses given above are flimsy enough to keep the real cause of the anger concealed. It is true that the puritan Emperor could hardly tolerate any kind of effrontery ( such as nudity or open criticism of the Shariah ) for the reason that it might lead the ignorant followers astray, and ultimately to apostasy. But Sarmad was not the only person there going about naked and uttering blashphemy. There were many more who were openly hostile towards Shariah and behaved as Sarmad did This leads one to believe that the chief cause could not be other than political, that is, Sarmad's association with Dara Shikuh [29]

In framing the charges against Sarmad, one who took the leading part, was the king's favourite courtier and his teacher,[30] I'timád Khan Mulla Qavi, who being proud of his great position, had very little respect for other learned men, and his vanity did not allow him to tolerate any other greater influential person in the neighbourhood Once Mulla Qavi cross examined Sarmad at the instance of the Emperor and asked the Sufi to give reasons for his peculiar habits Sarmad did not give any answer except this . "shaitán qavi ast, "i. e. Satan is powerful". There was a pun on the word *Qavi* which could be used in two different senses— powerful and the Mulla himself. That is, it could be taken in the sense "Mulla Qavi is Satan."[31] Sarmad also recited the following quatrain [32]

> A sweet-statured one has reduced me to a low position ,
> By the intoxicating cups of eys he has carried me
> away from myself,
> He is in my arms and I run about searching for him—
> A strange thief has stripped me of my garments.

The answer was nothing but a sheer disrepect to the Mulla which he could hardly bear He was already annoyed with the sufi

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29 Vide Ma'athirul Umara I 227. "The real thing is that actual cause of Sarmad's death was his association with Dara , otherwise how many such senseless people moved about the streets and roads."

30 Ibid p 226 Bina, bar taqarrub-i-sultani wa pindar ba ustádi'a badsha i'tina bashan-i mardum nami kard.

31. Ibid.

32 Ibid See original text : 19

because of the fact that the latter's presence in Delhi had damaged his prestige and challenged his over-presumptuousness in enforcing shariat laws.

Now, Sarmad was arrested and brought before the court presided over by the same Mulla Qavi and was called upon to answer his charges. But Sarmad knowing it as a matter of course faced the charges squarely and pleaded "not guilty." He explained his behaviour in respect of all the charges framed against him To the first charge of nudity he said that mode of life was not totally forbidden, for the Prophet Isaiah used to go about naked in his old age He recited the following quatrain to explain it further :

> He who gave thee the kingly crown ( or throne ),
> Provided me with all sorts of vexations ,
> He grants dress to sinners to hide their sins,
> To the immaculate He only gives the garment
> of nudity [88]

To the second charge that he did not recite the whole of the 'kalima' he replied that he did it just because he had not yet realised the complete Truth That is, he was just in the dark about the existence of God. He would recite the whole of it after he had seen Him with his own eys. To admit the existence of anyone without the tangible proof of it, is tantamount to false evidence

As for the third and the last charge, Sarmad might have explained his position ( though we have no factual record of it ) by his belief in the *Wahdatul Wujud*, i e existence of *haq* ( Truth ) everywhere and in everything. Those who realise the truth make little difference between *falak* and *Zamin*, as for them all are alike. So, to the sufis the ascension of the Prophet to the higher sphere physically or visionally meant very much the same, it was not therefore necessary for Muhammad to go to see one who is believed to have existed without the limitation of *Time* and *Space*

But the trial as said above was just to camouflage the real motive of the ruler and Mulla Qavi and only to throw dust into the admirers and followers of Sarmad. The arguments, however

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88 J A. S B ( opt cit )

convincing, could produce very little effect on the trying authority. He was found guilty of apostasy and the sentence of death was passed on him There was nothing new in it and not quite unexpected. The enmity between the strict orthodoxy and mysticism ( if other political reasons for the trial be set aside in the present case ) which Dara Shikuh like other mystics of the past explained as 'equality and abandonment of religious obligation'[84] was of very old standing and a large number of sufis had already fallen victim at different times to the former's bigotry. Mansur Hallaj, Shahabuddin Suhrawardy called as Maqtul and a host of others had suffered death from the hands of the orthodox priests. Sarmad only added one more name to the long list of martyrs. With this his greatness in the circle of sufis was written with indelible ink on the page of history.

The sentence of death was confirmed by the other ulamas and approved of by the Emperor Soon after the formalities were gone through, the sufi was led to the place of execution. Unlike Dara Shikuh's who was done away with in the dark cell of the prison, Sarmad's execution was made a public affair. The object probably was to bring to bear upon all, the consequences which would follow if they ventured to do anything against the state-cum-religion A platform outside the main gate of the Juma' Masjid ( Delhi ) was erected for the purpose of execution. Sarmad guarded by armed soldiers and surrounded by a huge crowd marching along, walked with complete equanimity and disinterestedness from the fort to the place of death. He recited extempore all the way beautiful quatrains[85] as he often did in company or alone The crowd had become so dense that it was difficult to pass through it The executioner, a low caste man of sweeper class ( or kannas ), approached with his naked sword and wanted according to the custom to cover the face of Sarmad But he hinted him not to do so, smiled and addressing the executioner said .

O friend with the naked sword thou arrivest
In whatever guise thou comest I recognise thee

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84. Vide, Majma'ul Bahrain p 80

85 Ma'arif—May, 1946. J. A S. B ( opt cit. )

He also uttered the following verse :

There was an uproar and we opened our eyes
from the eternal sleep ,
As it was night of evil yet, we slept again [86]

Aqil Khan Razi the court chronicler of Aurangzeb writes that when the executioner was about to give the fatal blow, Sarmad uttered .

The naked body was the dust ( obstruction ) on love's
path
That too has now been cut from the head by the
sword [87]

According to another version Sarmad recited the following :

My head has been severed from the body by a flirt
who was my companion,
The matter was cut short, otherwise it was a source
of a great headache.[88]

It is related that just before he was executed, a friend of his, Shah Asadullah by name, came up to him and said · "Look, there's yet time to escape this hopeless tribulation Do cover your nakedness, and utter the whole of the kalima and I am sure you will be let off." Sarmad looked up, said nothing in reply to it but recited only the verse

It is long since the name of Mansur passed into oblivion,
I wish to exhibit the gibbet and the rope again.[89]

It is said that Sarmad before his head was actually severed from his body, was heard reciting the whole of the kalima as if he had perceived the Truth at the last moment of his life ( 1071 A. H. Mir'atul Khayal p. 217 ).

Sarmad was buried at the very place he was executed and his tomb stands there up to this day. Walih of Daghistan, the author of *Riyad ush Shu'ara* visited Sarmad's tomb some years

86. *Ibid.*
87. *Ibid*
88. *Ibid.*
89. Ibid.

after the death of the sufi and found it covered with flowers and frequented by a large number of visitors from far and near. "Throughout the year" he writes, "the green grass covering the grave of Sarmad never gets dry. This is a miracle of the *second Mansur* ( *Mansur-i-thani* )" 40

### SARMAD AS A POET

Sarmad's fame rests not only on his spiritualistic powers but also on his poetical works ( especially quatrains ) which in reality was the medium of his mystic expression. It has already been referred to in the beginning of the chapter that Sarmad was endowed with all the gifts which go in the making of a first rate poet, and that he had attained sufficient proficiency in literature, and philosophy. He had acquired mastery over the two important languages of the time, viz. Persian and Arabic.

Sarmad to be more exact, was a born poet and from the very early period of his life, he started writing verses. His teachers Mulla Sadra and Findarski were reputed poets, and it is quite possible he might have shown his verses to them and received due encouragement Kashan, Sarmad's native place, itself has produced a large number of eminent poets, and there was no dearth of them at the time of Sarmad. So, a boy of Sarmad's talents could easily receive necessary coaching in the technicalities of writing verses. Sarmad wrote in every form of verse, viz. gazal, rubai, qit'a etc and he was quite prolific in his out-put. He wrote much in his youth, most of which was excellent erotic poetry, of which he says :

Now old as I am it is difficult for me to write verses ;
What I had to write has been written in my youth.

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40. Ibid. The death of Sarmad took place in 1071 ( 1661 62 ) when Aurangzeb's reign entered its third year The stone on the grave of Sarmad reads as follows .

Shah Sarmad dar 'abdi Alamgir
chun safar sakhta bakhuldi barin
guft tarikh Akbari miskin
lahd i-marqad shahid-i-Sarmad in
1070 A H. ( ? )

And again

> In youth indulgence in lyrical poetry is excellent,
> Love for rose, the saki and the bottle is excellent [41]

But unfortunately out of all of his works nothing except a ghazal, a few stray verses and over three hundred quatrains have survived the ravages of time. The ghazal as he says in the quatrain given here below was composed by him after the style of Khwaja Hafiz, and the quatrains after that of Umar Khayyam, though the ideas expressed therein are strictly his own :

> With the ideas and thoughts of others I have no concern
> Though in style of ghazal I am a follower of Hafiz ;
> As for quatrains, I am a disciple of Khayyam,
> But I have tasted little the wine he offered.[42]

Whether he compiled any anthology of his early ghazals all erotic like those of Hafiz, is not known to us. At least it has not come down to us in any book form, nor is any number of them available to us in other anthologies With only one ghazal and a few stray verses which are also parts of the defunct ghazals in hand, we are not in a position to form any opinion about Sarmad's capacity in this particular form of verse To copy or compete with Hafiz is by itself a presumption and an audacity, and I wonder if Sarmad fared well in his attempt. The ghazal and other stray verses are no match to any ghazal of Hafiz The arrangement of words suggests artificiality and the ideas are insipid, old and outworn Their loose and rank versification and forcible tagging of incoherent couplets is a great reflection on the master writer of quatrains It is very likely that the people did not care much for preserving such ghazals

It is only the quatrains of Sarmad that are the mainstay of his name and fame as a poet. His quatrains which give him lustre enough to shine in the constellation of eminent poets of

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41 See the original in the Persian text, Rubai No

42 Rubai No 285 Persian text

43. There have been very few poets in Persian literature who would have succeeded in all forms of verse Even the master poets like Hafiz could write best in only one form. The same is the case with Sarmad

the 17th century, provides any one with sufficient material to estimate his importance as a poet and a teacher of mysticism.

RUBAI OR QUATRAIN, ITS DEFINITION :

"Rubai or Quatrain, as its name suggests is a short poem of four lines the first second and fourth rhyming together, the third also rhymes with the other three lines but mostly remains blank. This arrangement of the rhymes has a very singular effect, as the rhyme of the first two lines, which seemed to be lost on the appearance of the third, returns as an echo in the fourth and closes the little poem in a manner at once graceful to the ear and satisfying to the aesthetic sense. Occasionally the third is also rhymed, but then the result is less happy as the effect just mentioned is absent" 44

There is a series of twenty-four metres, all derived from the Hazaj ( Mufa'ilan —, eight times) peculiar to the rubai, in one of which it must be written. Take for example the following rubai of Bábá Táhir Uryan a great sufi poet of the fifth century of the Hijra whose rubaiyat are sung throughout Persia by literate and illiterate people :

agar dardam yake bude chih bude
wagar gham audake bude chih bude
babalinam habibam yá tabibam
azin du gar yake bude chih bude.

The rubai is rhymed at the end in the first, second and fourth lines, while the third has been left out unrhymed just to break the monotony of the poem. The rubai can be scanned as follows :—
agar dardam : *mufa'ilan* yake bude *mufa'ilan* . chih bude : *fa'ulan,*
wagar gham an—do— dake bude—do— chih bude—do—
the other two lines can be scanned in the same way.

Rubai according to Prof. Browne ( Lit. Hist. of Persia i. 472 ) is "almost certainly of the poetical genius". The Persian

44. For detailed note on Rubai see History of Ottomon Poetry by E. W. Gibb V. I.

philologists attribute the invention of this metre to a child playing at nuts with its playmate one of the nuts having fallen out of the hole by a rebound then falling back rolling, the child called out "ghaltan ghaltan hami rawad ta buni gau ( rolling rolling it goes to the bottom of the hole ) According to Daulat Shah of Samarkand ( Ed Browne, p 30 ), the child was the son of Ya'qub b. Laith the Saffarid and the officials of the court recognised in this hemistich ( misia' ) a variety of hazaj : "they added a second hemistich to it with the same scansion, then a second line (bait) which they called du baiti ( poem in two verses ), but some scholars, considering that it consisted of four hemistichs adopted the name rubai and Rudaki ( d. 329 A. H ) was the first to excel in it "[45]

Rubai is a form of verse which has ever been popular among the Persian and it was often called tarána ( song ) by many poets [46]

Among the Rubai writers of the early times, it is only a rubai of Abu Shakur Balkhi ( A. H 334 ) which has come down to us throuh Lubab ul Albab of Aufi. The rubai rums as follows .

> Ai gastha man az gham-i-firawán-i-tu past
> shud qámt-i-man zi dard-i-hijrán-i-tu shast
> ai shusta manaz faiib-i-dustan i-tu dast
> shud hich kas-i-basirat-o-shán-i tu hast [47]

Peculiarity of the early rubais is that in them all the lines are rhymed. After Abu Shakur we notice a gradual progress being made in this form of verse and its frequent use by the poets of the period. We can hardly see any poet or sufi of that time who did not try his pen in writing rubais Among the well known writers of the rubais whose names are mentioned in the biographical works are 'Ammarah Muruzi ( d. 360 ), 'Asjadi ( d. 488 ) Abul Hasan Kharqáni ( d. 425 ) and a host of others.

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45 Encyclopaedia of Islam, p 1167 According to the Mu'jam fi ma'-ayiri ashar 'l-'Ajam of Shamsi Qais, it was Rudaki himself who heard the child uttering the words as he played with the nuts Rudaki completed the verse and adding two more hemistichs to it completed the poems

46. Ibid.

47. Ma'arif, May, 1946

48. Ibid

But the man who made the *rubai* really a rubai is Abu Sa'id Abul Khayr ( d 440 A. H. ) He is to rubai just as Sa'adi is to *ghazal*, Firdausi to *mathnavi*, and Anwari to *Qasida*. Abu Sa'id was a great poet and a true mystic He adopted the rubai for the expression of his mystic experiences. This introduction of the tasawwuf ( mysticism ) in the Persian poetry instilled it with a life and made its standard as high as that of any other piece of literature of the world.

Abu Sa'id's rubais have ever been a source of great inspiration for the novices in the path of mysticism, and have always been a protype for the writers of rubais. So, after him all the great writers of this form of verse regarded Abu Sa'id as their preceptor, in style, diction and subject matter.

Although every Persian poet wrote quatrains, but after Abu Said those who excelled others in this verse form, are Umar Khayyam Sahábi and Sarmad

## Main theme of the Rubais

Rubai as stated above is a form of verse which was adopted by the sufis as the vehicle of their mystical experiences Abu Said the great sufi poet was indeed the first to introduce mysticism into it and it was he who put this peculiar diction and style into vogue wherein certain terms were used in metaphorical sense. Love being the central idea, all the terms connected with love and beauty were used in the rubais. Love was the love for God and a special path was selected to be taken for reaching Him. This path in general sense was borrowed from the Greeks and Indians ( known as wahdatul wujud, i. e. unityism or pantheism ) and was made adaptable to the Shariah. Pantheism strictly speaking imports nothing but existence of God in everything present in the world. So anything beautiful or pleasing to the eye was according to it a symbol of divine beauty

The renunciation of the world, quietism, submitting ones Will to the Will of God, etc. were the integral parts of tasawwuf and were preached by the sufi poets consientiously and

vehemently. We quote here a few quatrains to illustrate our points of view :

shirin dahni kih az labash ján mirikht
kufrash zi sari zulf -i- parishán mirikht
gar shaikh bakufri zulfi u rah miburad[50]
khákí ráh-i-tu u- bar sar-i-imán mirikht

and

dar bágh rawam kui tu am yád áyid
bar gul nigram rui tu am yád áyid
dar sáyai sarw agar dami binshinam
sarw qad-i-diljui tu am yád áyid [51]

and

raftam bakalisai tarsa-o-yahud
tarsa-o-yahud jumlagi ru batu bud
Bar yad-o-wasal-i-tu ba but khana shudani
tasbih-i-bután zamzama'i 'ishq-i-tu bud

QUATRAINS OF SARMAD AND THEIR THEME

Sarmad as admitted on all hands was a true sufi and a born poet and always recited verses extempore of which a larger number were rubais or quatrains. As he belongs to the universal order of the pantheists, Sarmad's ideas and thoughts expressed ( which are really the true reflection of his personal feelings and experiences ) in his rubais are in complete concordance with others. We can analyse some of the important features of his poetry in the following manner .

1. Sarmad believes in the Immanence of the Lord According to him the existence of the essence of the Haqiqat ( Truth )

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49 For the life account of Abu Said see Nicholson Studies in Islamic Mysticism

50 Sweet-faced from whose lips dripped life and
Infidelity from her dark looks
If a priest finds way to the kufr of her locks,
He would have thrown dust on the head of his faith.

51 In the garden I'm reminded of thy street
I remember thy face as I see a flower
If I sit under a cyprus for sometime,
I am reminded of thy long stature

could be perceived in every thing and on all sides. No place was without Him whether it was a garden, or a temple, or a desert. To be more precise at every place He took a different shape and manifested Himself in a different form. Thus Sarmad says:

> In one place He takes the form of the black-stone of Ka'ba,
> And in the other He becomes the idol of a Hindu [52]

And explaining the Unity in diversity he says :

> Thou art sometimes a cyprus, an hyacinth, a jasamine,
> Other times a mountain, a desert or a garden.
> Sometimes thou appeareth as a light or flower scent,
> Thou art found in the garden and also in the assembly.[53]

For this reason Sarmad finds it difficult to distinguish between creation and creator :

> I know not in this spherical monastery
> Abhay Chand is my god or some one else.

That is to say, for Sarmad "the One is the only real existence deeply infused in all matters and in all the forces of the universe and in the mind of man".

> I find the essence of the form everywhere the same [54]

2. God is manifest in all things indeed, but in order to perceive Him a special power of insight must necessarily be developed. This insight is primarily a gift of God which man can utilise by his connection with a true spiritual guide The spiritual guide in his turn helps the novice to understand *love* which is originated by divine illumination. This love and illumination are bestowed on those who really deserve it and can stand it ·

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52. I went to the worship houses of the Jews and the Christian
I found them all turned their faces towards Thee
Urged by Thy love and meeting, I went also to the temple
( I found ) the idols singing Thy praise. ( Abu Said Abul Khayr ).

53. Dabistan, p 195

54 Vide Persian text

55 Ibid

Sarmad, the pang of love is not granted to a lustful one,
As the passion of moth's heart is not given to gadfly.
It requires whole of life to get union with the *beloved* ;
But this eternal wealth is not showered on all 56

The divine illumination, Sarmad believes is not a gradual process coming by degrees. It comes like the flash of a lightning and for receiving it one has got to be alert, and must give up all worldly connections.

3. This renunciation of the world is the most essential part of the mystic programme. Complete severance of all the connections with this ephemeral world is the quickest way to get the main object. The mystics therefore are unanimous in condemning worldly ties as they always present a great hindrance to spiritual progress. A large number of the rubais of Sarmad are devoted to this subject and the repetition of the idea sometimes appears to be very monotonous. Condemning the world Sarmad says :

Seekers after the world lack all comforts,
Perpetually they are wedded to their lust for gold.
These people seldom think of their approaching end
So lost are they in longing for the wealth.

and also

To pine for wealth and high posititions is bad,
To entertain such stupid wishes is bad.
In thy body's house thy soul is not to stay for long ,
To have high hopes for this short life is bad.

4. Sarmad advises the sinners not to be swayed by pessimism in regard to God's forgiveness God's mercy he says is far greater than the sins of all the human beings put together About this he writes :

Thy mercy far exceeds my sins ,
I take stock of this all every moment.
Although I am lost in sins from head to foot,
Yet my sins fall far short of thy kindness.

5. Besides the painful repetition of ideas and thoughts

56 Vide Persian text Q. 94.

mentioned above, Sarmad wrote also on different other topics mainly under the influence of his varied emotions and moods. He recited rubais in his conscious as well as ecstatic states. In the former state he, well aware of his smallness in comparison to the vastness and magnitude of the universe, appears to be quite pessimistic in tone :

The things that are of no avail—are we.
The trees which bear no fruit —are we.
We have weighed ourselves well in the scales,
The atoms which are of no account—are we 57

But in his ecstatsy he finds himself like the drop mingling with the ocean, one with the entire creation He forgets his insignificance and feels himself as the king of kings :

I am the king of kings and not naked like thee,
All distracted but gracefully composed

6. Sarmad like many other sufis is not in favour of pursuing closely the path of the shariah. Or to be more correct he is not in favour of following this path at all, for to him the right path leading to the Creator or the Truth is the path of sufis. For him all the zahids or the followers of the path of the shariah were hypocrites, always trying to show off. They were totally ignorant of the path of love which leads one to the Truth. So he advises the 'pious man' to drink the wine of m'arifat ( divine knowledge ) and give up all vanity and pride.

Drink wine o pious man, it's so sweet !
Give up asceticism, it conceals evils.58

7. Explaining the secret of the realisation of the Truth which according to him is very much like the story of the moth and the candle he says :

I saw the whole thing flared up—
The same thing visible on every side ,
I saw the drama of 'Moth and Candle'.
But ( I found ) the source of light was elsewhere.

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57. Ibid. Q 198
58. Ibid. Q 81.

STYLE AND DICTION OF SARMAD'S QUATRAINS :

Sarmad possessed the talents to express the most difficult ideas in the briefest possible manner and his Jewish niggardliness in regard to the use of words is manifiest in each of his rubais. He avoids as far as possible the use of uncommon allusions, far-fetched similies and metaphors, and jarring words and phrases. Really there is very little scope for any change or alteration in any line of his rubais. A few quotations given here below will substantiate our statement ·

Az mansab-i-'ishq sarfarazam kardand
waz minnat-i-khalq biniyazam kardand
chun sham'a darin bazm gudazam kardand
az sukhtagiash mahram-i-razam kardand.

and

Ta nist nagardi rah-i-hastat nadihand
win martaba bá himmat-i-pastat nadihand
Chun Sham'a basukhtan tá nadihi
sar rishtá-i-raushni badastat nadihand.

and also

sad shukr kih az yár tarahm didam
ihsan-o-karam bahal-i-khud fahmidam
nakhl-i-kih nishanid thamar mibakhshad
akhir gule az bagh-i-mahabbat chidam.[60]

In fact Sarmad has presented even the old and outworn ideas in a novel and simple way, making them thus still more effective and assimilative His words are free from unnatural adornments, and poetic licenses and therefore can be understood without much difficulty even by a man with little knowledge of Persian.

According to the critics of Persian poetry the best verse is that which can be rendered into prose with the least change in the arrangement of words. This we find as the chief characteristic of the quatrains of Sarmad. For instance he says .

án kas kih sharáb mikhurad miguzrad
wán kas kih kabáb mikhurad miguzrad

60 See the translation in the book. Nos. 124, 185, 209.

Sarmad kih bakása'i gadá'i nán rá
tar kardáh bá áb mikhurad miguzrad.

This is one of the very popular quatrains of Sarmad. Besides that, it contains all the charms and melody to place it among the best, it can be read both as a prose and poetry. The quatrain, so to say, presents an excellent example of Sarmad's simplicity, originality and natural flow of ideas and befitting words. With the exception of only a few quatrains, which however are of doubtful origin, all possess the same flow and can be read both ways; and one can hardly perceive a tinge of *awurd* ( forced or uninspired expression ) in any of them. One more example of it will not be out of place here :

Sarmad gila ikhtisár mibáyad kard
yak kár azin du kár mibáyad kard
yá tan barázài yár mibáyad dád
yá ján bafida'i yár mibáyad kard.

Dry as the subject mysticism is, and considering the state of mind Sarmad was in, one can hardly expect light-hearted remarks from him. But anyway his quatrains are not totally barren of the wholesome touch of humour. For instance, explaining his belief in the predestination and helplessness of man in the face of all-powerful Fate, Sarmad says :

Sarmad is a body with the soul in another hand ;
He is an arrow with the bow in another hand.
He wished to be man and thereby to get freedom ;
But became a cow with the rope in another hand [61]

Also Sarmad's sarcastic remarks against Mulla Qavi who later on sentenced him to death is very well known. In his remark *Iblis qavi ast* he uses the word *qavi* in two senses, i e. iblis or Satan is qavi ( powerful ) or Qavi is Satan.[62]

### Sarmad and Khayyam :

Khayyam is probably the best known Persian poet in the world. That is not because he was the most eminent poet of his time or wrote poetry in a style which excelled all the other poets of his age Not at all.

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61 Vide Persian text. No. 28.
62 Ma'athirul Umara. i. p. 296.

In his own country, where his poetry could best be judged, he has ever been regarded as a second rate,[68] for his verse in its beauty has been surpassed by many other poets and his epicurianism is not quite upto the taste of the eastern mind Khayyam's present day fame is mainly due to the appreciation of his poetry by the west. Appearance of Fitzgerald's merited rendering into English of Khayyam's quatrains, at a time when a wave of pessimism was passing through the entire western world, gave a momentum to his fame to spread far and wide. Since then it has been gaining velocity at every turn of the generation.

But Sarmad on the other hand still remains behind the veil of obscurity although his verse as compared with Khayyam would definitely prove better and more excellent. The reason is that Sarmad has so far failed to find a Fitzgerald to introduce him to the modern age

The relation between Sarmad and Khyyam as stated above is that of a disciple to a preceptor. Sarmad has admitted this in his quatrain ( see Persian text 280 ).

As for quatrains, I am a disciple of Khayyam ;
But I have tasted little of the wine he offered.

That is to say, he copied the style of Khayyam but has refrained from taking up the ideas of the latter. Obviouslv, Sarmad has stated this just out of respect, otherwise Sarmad's style is not the true copy of Khayyam, nor have his views in certain respects differed from the latter. In their expressions about pantheism, condemnaton of the worldly grandeur, shortness of this life etc. both Sarmad and Khayyam keep close to one another

In a quatrain Khayyam admitting the transcendent nature of God and man's inability to grasp Him as He is says :

My sharp wisdom is incapable of approaching Thee ,
My imagination centres only round Thy praise.

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68. Prof. Browne estimates Khayyam as second rate poet See Hist. of Persian Lit. I.

It is impossible to know Thee *comme il faut*,  
As none knows Thee except Thyself.[64]

Sarmad has expressed the same idea in the following quatrain :

To know Him with the common reason is impossible ;  
To see Him with the eye or heart is unthinkable.

In another quatrain he says :

Alas my imagination failed to reach Him,  
Although it ran hard in this wilderness.[65]

Khayyam believed that for the manifestation of the mercy and kindness of God, commission of sins is necessary, for he thought only the sinner by repentence can move God to mercy :

Khayyam, why this depression just for a sin ?  
What use there's in being sorrowful ?  
One without sins will have no forgiveness :  
Forgiveness is meant for sin, why to worry ?

Sarmad too holds the same view with regard to sin and mercy .

I understand the significance of sin and mercy ,  
I have thought well over the pros and cons of it.  
His merciful eye is the lover of sins ,  
The veracity of this truth is above question [66]

and also :

The ocean of His mercy is limitless,  
To pay off His gratitude, tongue falls far short  
and heart feels perplexed.  
The more are there the sins the greater is His mercy ,  
We simply swim in the ocean of sins.

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64. Quoted from Ma'arif—June, 1946  
kunhi khirdam dar khuri athbát-i-tu nist.  
wa andisha'i man bijuz munáját-i-tu nist  
man dhat-i-tura biwajhi kai midanam  
dánanda'i dhát-i-tu bijuz dhát-i-tu nist

65. Vide text.

66 Vide text. 186

But it is only in the method of approach to some of the impor tant sufistic problems that Sarmad parts company with Khayyam Sarmad writes for others which is quite befitting his position a a true mystic , but Khayyam writes only for himself as his poetr is the outcome of his leisure hours In his style Khayyam i audacious, presumptuous, and moves on undaunted by th stiff rules of poetry and mysticism. He argues like a philo sopher which he actually was, giving examples and deducin morals therefrom. But Sarmad on the other hand is as cautious serene and modest in his expression as a true mystic and a prea cher could be. We find little of Khayyam's outspokenness in Sarmad. Khayyam sins but is not sorry for his sins for h believes that the sins are made to be committed, and they mov God to mercy. But Sarmad on the other hand is sorry for hi sins and always ponders over the consequences that might follov in the wake of them.

The difference in the views of Sarmad and Khayyam ca best be known from the rubais given here below. Khayya says :

> Who is there on the earth who claims to be sinless ,
> How can one live at all without sins ?
> I do wrong and thou givest punishment for it :
> Then where lies the difference between thee and me.[67]

Sarmad says :

> What is the cause of my distress—tell me ?
> How long have I to suffer thus—tell me ?
> However sinful I may be—thou canst forgive me !
> Who else is there to take pity on one—tell me ?[68]

Sarmad's views in regard to instability of the world, predes tination, inutility of wordly pursuits, hatred for hypocrisy and so called orthodoxy are quite identical with those of Khayyam Both of them exhort in their rubais that man should not b

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67 Ná karda gunáh dar jahán kist bigu
àn kas kih gunàh nakard chun zist bigu
man bad kunam tu bad mukàfát dihi
pas farq miáni man-o-tu chist bigu

68. See original Qt. No. 275.

duped by the outward kindliness of this world. It is folly and sheer waste of time to indulge deep in the affairs of it. Under the circumstances, what should man do, how should he pass his days of life? The answer is given by both of them in different ways. Khayyam says that the life which is not long should not be wasted away; but every moment should best be spent in pleasure. The future will take care of itself. One should not bother about what is yet to come. Since God determines the actions of man, the consequences too are determined by Him. The best pleasure according to him lies in the company of friends and wine Though Sarmad believes in the shortness of life, yet to him this life is just for collection of provisions for the life-to-come. So this life he says should not be wasted away in drinking wine and in the company of the men-of-the-world who mostly betray each other. The best provision for the next life is to try hard to seek union with the Lord. Or in other words, to try to attain the knowledge of the Truth, for the value of man will be judged according to it.

TRANSLATION OF SARMAD'S QUATRAINS :

The translation of a master piece into a foreign tongue is really an effrontery, as it invariably misses the charm of the original. One can change by it the shape of the words but the real spirit of them which the writer has infused cannot be transferred. According to Bergson original and translation can be compared with a gold coin and its small change The one can be taken as equal to the other but they are not the same. The one is gold and the other base metal. Notwithstanding the great care on the part of the translator, much of its effective force too is lost in the translation. This is more true in the case of poetry. One must possess power enough to explore the depth of the poet's expression in order to grasp the original idea. A translation would ever be a poor substitute for it as it would be lacking in the personal touches of the writer. In fact, not only the ideas but also the real self of the poet passes into his verses which can by no means be separated. The arrangement of words too, often portrays the personality of the

poet. But if any change is made in that, the result would be disastrous. For instance, Tagore's poems which are proverbial for their charm and melody, appear uncouth and unpleasing when rendered into a foreign tongue.

The same is exactly true in the case of any Persian poet, especially Sarmad. Sarmad uses his own language for expressing his ideas and both language and the ideas are so united that it is difficult to separate one from the other If it is done at all that would be at the cost either of the ideas or of the beauty of the language or both. In other words it would be "stringing the pearls in a shabby rough rope not meant for the purpose at all".

While going through Sarmad's verses one feels a regular thrill, as in a transport of ecstasy But that can scarcely be experienced while perusing a translation of them. Nevertheless, since there is no other way to make the message of the mystic universal, for Persian now commands a very limited circle of scholars and is not widely understood as English, the translation into the latter tongue has got to be resorted to. In my rendering of the verses into English I have been as literal as it is possible, but at places where the words happen to be confusing only the general sense has been given.

Beside the mere translation of the quatrains of Sarmad there were other hurdles to cross over. None of the libraries of Pakistan and India ( nor even of Europe ) has a manuscript copy of Sarmad's quatrains. The lithographed edition of them ( Delhi 1905 ) is badly done and most of the lines are difficult to follow One cannot make any head or tail out of them. The copyist seems to have enjoyed full freedom in dealing with the lines of Sarmad's rubais. Or at least he has done it with his eyes blindfolded, thought wandering elsewhere. Besides that, the edition in hand ( 1905 ) does not contain most of the important rubais commonly ascribed to Sarmad, just as it has included in it the important rubais of Umar Khayyam and Abu Sa'id Abul Khayr and others. The Jawahar Manzum the other available collection of Sarmad's Rubais is in a way the second edition of the first ( 1905 edition ) without the least improvement on it. This has made a critical edition of Sarmad's rubais very difficult, for us at least, whose resources are only too limited.

However, I have tried to sift out the genuine rubais of Sarmad from this unidentified collection. Also I collected rubais from various tadhkiras or memoirs, books and a Ms. ( an anthology of verses of different poets-Biad-i-Majnun ) preserved in the Asiatic Society Calcutta, and inserted them in the present edition according to their alphabetical order

## RUBAIYAT-I-SARMAD

( In the name of God, the *Kind*, the *Merciful* ).

1

Thy mercy, O God, has outweighed my sins ,
That is the only cause of my great sinfulness
Great though my sins, Thy kindness is greater still,
That I have seen and experienced at all places.

2

In the affairs of the world, I solved the problem of all,
And relieved everyone of his sadness and grief.
Yet ( in return ) I got justice or fairness from none,
Though I met all and tried them well.

3

In the wasteland of experience, O God, everywhere,
I happened to meet good as well as bad people.
Yet none except Thee extended his help to me
Though I met all and tried them well

4

O Thou living behind the veil come out and be visible,
How I have searched where Thou couldst be !
I want to press Thee hard in my arms
How long wouldst Thou keep Thyself concealed ?

5

All men feel happy over their physical and spiritual gains
Believe me of the two, there lies my happiness.
Teach me to love Thee, that's what I desire ,
Come out of the veil and be visible !

6

Thou hast distinguished Thyself in loveliness ;
In friendliness too Thou standest unequalled.
I am mad about this stylish demeanour, as I find,
Thou art invisible and visible everywhere.

7

Every good or bad that exists I have seen,
Every rose or thorn that was there I have plucked.
To me appeared the worth, more or less, of all,
As like gold I tested them on the touch-stone.

8

In the morning breeze my heart sought Thy fragrance,
In the garden my eye looked for Thy pretty face.
Yet I could find Thee neither in this nor in that,
Only my intuition led me to Thy abode.

9

Thou hast distinguished Thyself in enchanting hearts,
And also in the art of contracting friendships ,
To the penetrating eye which can see Thee,
Thou appearest in hundreds of forms every moment.

10

As you do not find everywhere signs of fickleness
Or of love and affection supported by sweetness and fidelity
You must bear in mind the creation and its lot,
These two are in God's own hands.

11

O God, out of Thy kindness, forgive me my sins,
And have pity upon my wails of the dark nights !
Full of sins as we are it is a perplexing state
Only Thy mercy can come to my rescue.

12

In the company of associates as they met in a garden or a desert
There were entertaining gossips and drinking bouts ,
At last the associates parted and nothing but words were left behind,
The glossy firmament brought about their ruin !

13

Drive these false notions out of thy mind,
And fancies and imperfect thoughts, O heart !
Be not happy over indulgence in worldly affairs ,
Beware , neither does this nor its attachment persist

14

Look ! in this wilderness death is pursuing you hard ;
That is the end of all that you have been amassing
It begins with hardship and ends in grief,
This wealth always becomes the cause of one's ruin.

15

The bright-faced One is kind, but at times cruel and indifferent,
He shows himself in hundred forms each moment.
Just open the arms of your eyes that you may embrace Him,
He never goes away about a step from you.

16.

Thy mercy is more powerful than my sins,
Every moment I reckon this within myself.
Although I am covered with sins from head to foot,
Yet in the presence of Thy mercy it's mere nothing.

17

Whether an ascetic or anything else, I'm concerned with
the Beloved only;
Really I have no business with rosary or sacred thread.
This woolen cloak which conceals hundreds of evils
under it,
I shall never put it on as it is disgraceful.

18

Although vanity is considered here a great virtue,
Yet real greatness lies in humility.
Breaking of the self opens new vistas for one
As turning of stone into collyrium becomes light for
the eyes !

19

A sweet-statured one has reduced me to a very low
position
By the intoxicating cups of His eyes He has carried me
away from myself.
He is in my arms and I run about searching for Him,
A strange thief has stripped me of my garments.

20

Expect no peace and comfort from self-conceitedness.
Expect no high position from these mean efforts of yours.
This business of the world yields little of gain,
Be content with the loss and hope not for the profit.

21

Life that is spent in vain pursuits
No wonder if Thou forgivest without taking
account of these !
How should One care about the ugliness of the deeds
Whose mercy ever far exceeds His wrath ?

22

How can Thy mercy and my sins be weighed and measured ?
They are like bubbles that defy all calculations.
What imagination has power to fly as high as this ?
How can an incalculable thing be calculated !

23

Seek rosy wine from the *Saki* of Kauthar !
Seek cup of repose in old age and infirmity !
How long will you be a captive to this world ?
Seek freedom from it by the mercy of God.

24

O one heedless of self like a book, should know
There are signs of God concealed in thee !
That is, the Truth is manifest in thee
And thou careless of it—as a flask unaware of the wine it contains.

25

O Sarmad, expect not love from the men of the world !
A tree without foliage is no shelter against the sun.
Honour lies with contentment and disgrace with greed ,
Live with honour and seek not to live in disgrace !

26

O my atrocious self an embodiment of despair !
You cannot get bounties unless you are grateful !
You can be happy only if you are contented !
The world cannot be yours to the extent of your hope

27

The woolen cloak that conceals the sacred thread under it
Is hypocrisy and source of all evils.
Give it up that you may not bear
The burden of disgrace which causes much pain.

28

Sarmad is a body with the soul in another's hand.
He is an arrow with the bow in another's hand.
He wished to be man and thereby to get freedom
But turned a cow with the rope in another's hand.

29

Where there is rose-like cup and blooming garden,
It is the abode of our pleasure-loving heart and is our home
True if you call me a senseless drunkard,
But false if you dub me a pious ascetic.

30

The lovers of the world who pine for gold
Are much too notorious for their mutual grudge,
Be not afraid of the scorpions and the snakes,
But fear these people who are poison and thorns.

31

Give up asecticism, it's source of all evils ·
Drink wine, O ascetic, it's so sweet :
Surely it's lawful and not at all forbidden,
And its effect is 'All is He'.

32

To pine for wealth and high position—is bad ,
This whim and fancy and vain thoughts—are bad.
( The Soul ) is not to remain for ever in the body :
To yearn for this short life—is bad

33

In a state of love the trend of my discourse is different ,
Talk about mount Sina, because my state is different ;
I'm mad about the manifestation of reality,
My thoughts are different and also the flight of my imagination.

34

This world is full of greed and lust.
Wherever there is a heart it pines for gold coins
The sick are many but very little is there the syrup of dinar,
This deserted house is crowded with sufferers.

35

In youth indulgence in lyrical poetry is excellent,
Love for roses, the saki and the bottle is excellent.
But with the old age to renounce the world
And to think of the life-after-death is excellent

36

A fool is he who gives up drinking wine,
A beast, yes, and not a human being.
It ( wine ) stirs up pain for lovers ( pangs of separation ),
And rekindles fire that is extinguished. [ ? ]

37

A man with much of greed remains ever unsuccessful,
A bird that goes in search of grain gets trapped
This burdensome wealth causes much of grief,
The less of it is, the greater is the comfort

38

A man captivated by lust and greed
Is ever unsatisfied even though he is given an empire.
This thread of life is pretty short, therefore,
Give up long hopes, they are snares and cage.

39

Every one looked about the world's garden passionately and passed away
Collected nothing but thorns and faded flowers.
This form of existence which is all Truth,
Woe to him who understood it not and passed away !

40

One dominated by greed bears nothing but grief,
His heart is not cured even with the syrup of dinar.
In the world, there is no satisfaction to the thirsty eyes,
Such people exist in large number everywhere.

41

The place where love's grief abides is very comfortable.
Without love none can achieve success in the world.
Be not negligent of love and of pure wine, for
If you look for Jamshid's wealth, it is in the cup.

42

One who is blest with good luck in this world,
Would take nothing but a lesson from everything
around him.
Give up men's society in favour of a solitary corner,
And fear all the good and the bad of the world!

43

If you extend your help to any one, it is good.
It is indeed a bargain extremely profitable
Be not careless about this rare gem ( of advice ),
This stormy ocean of life is transitory.

44

The flame ( of love ) that brightens up my ruby-like heart
Becomes pearl in ocean and a spark in stone.
It assails all, but none is conscious of it,
How strange appears this beautiful idea!

45

You saw how quickly the weal and woe of the world
passed!
Anything that you were afraid of has disappeared.
This moment or two that is still in your lot
Might not be lost; beware the profit is not given away!

46

I do not long for the world as it values naught ,
Religion without the wealth of Thy vision is a bondage ;
I long for Thy union and there lies the rub ,
One word suffices if He is inside. ( ? )

47

Every good or bad that exists is in the hand of God.
This truth apparent or hidden can be witnessed anywhere.
If you don't believe it, imagine then
From where come the weakness of mine and Satan's
strength

48

Every Cyprus-statured you meet is not a friend,
Nor a silver-skinned who swindles money
Make friends with one who gives what you want !
A friend is he who extends his help to you'

49

A heart if wise keeps the Beloved to him ;
And an eye if endowed with vision looks Him all about,
An ear that is sharp hears nothing but truth ,
And a tongue articulating has secrets in every expression

50

He does not live only in the temple and the mosque,
But all the heavens and the earth are His abode.
The whole universe is gone mad about His name !
Yes, wise is one who is lost into Him.

51

God be thanked, my beloved is pleased with me !
He is kind all the time and showers mercy upon me
No loss have I suffered from this love and affection ;
The bargain my heart struck is all profit.

52

Man who needs just a bread for his personal satisfaction
Bewails day and night out of greed and avarice !
Look, what a storm rages in the ocean of his existence !
He is only for a moment like a bubble to last !

53

This cruel 'self' of mine is indeed a Satan,
Ever visible and not at all hidden.
You yourself are a Satan—why condemn the devil ?
The devil himself is perplexed at your evil thoughts.

54

To few are revealed the secrets of wine and the cup ;
They are not to be told to every dead heart.
O ascetic, by God, you know little about Him,
This idea is beyond the conception of the fool

55

For me a moment's separation from Him is not possible,
This sort of union is inexpressible in words.
He is ocean and myself a cup—and it's impossible
To accommodate ocean in a cup.

56

If you wish to escape worries and troubles,
Avoid mixing up with the men of the world.
There is little peace and comfort upon the earth ;
But if there is, it lies in it ( solitude or renunciation ).

57

This body in hundred ways is based on mortal
foundations ,
This hay-flame dies down only in a moment
You cannot escape the snare of Death,
You are a prey whom hunter alone concerns.

58

To worry about the world for this short life is bad ,
Attachment to towns and desert is bad.
Each moment flies swiftly like the wind ,
So, this greed, avarice and ( false ) hopes are bad.

59

Seekers after the world lack all comforts,
Up to the last they have to worry about gold ,
These people never think of their death,
So lost are they in longing for their wealth.

60

Fear the world and the men of the world !
The more you think of them, the less is your comfort,
I have seen its spring as well as its autumn,
There is lesson for you in every rose that blooms in world's garden.

61

Although every rose and thorn in the garden looks pleasant,
Yet the heart feels unhappy without the company of the Beloved.
Look, the tulip blooms red like the blood of my heart,
Yet its beauty lies in the ( dagh ) brand it has got

62

My sins have exceeded all limits and calculations ,
In repentance rain shower has been put to shame
I missed union owing to my unfortunate carelessness ,
The life is passed in separation from the Beloved.

63

My foolish heart has such a craving for gold and silver,
That even at the time of prayer it wanders elsewhere
It is deeply lost in desires for this and that,
And is quite heedless of the consequence of the affairs.

64

Though His kindness is far greater than my sins,
Yet my heart feels perplexed at the volume of them.
But to what might lead the deeds that I have done ?
My eyes shed tears over such hopes and I fears.

65

To renounce all attachment to the world is good,
If you follow this advice, it is really very good,
Adopt solitude and give up everything ,
In this fate-bound world this very thing is good

66

The life of him who thinks of God is better ,
His beginning as well as his end is better,
I told you not to attach yourself to the world ,
If you must, then middle course is better

67

My distracted heart is ever attached to Him,
It is united with Him as rose and scent.
The goblet of my heart overflows with love ·
Out comes from the pot whatever is therein.

68

He ( God ) does not live outside this world ,
He is a Person who lives in and out of all.
The truth is also untruth, but untruth is not truth.
There is no other origin of the creation except Himself.

69

I have become non-existent and know nothing about life ;
I am a burning-coal and know nothing about smoke.
I gave away all—the heart, life, soul and faith,
It is a bargain and I know nothing about gain

70

Resurrection is come , where is the trumpet of Israfil ?
Where are the fetters of discipline for the devil ?
With a view to destroying the house of God,
The elephant has appeared , where's the lark ?

71

My heart is again lost in love for a beautiful one ,
It is lost in desire and grief for the sweet-faced one ,
I'm old but my heart still has the strength of youth,
That is, in autumn it blooms like spring

72

It's atrocious to remember a thing that is past ,
It is a bargain which yields sorrow and grief.
Waste not this dear life of yours,
Take it not for more than a moment , it's too short

73

These towns, country, hill and desert are nothing ,
All good and bad have been found to be nothing,
Abandon everything in favour of God,
These desires for the world and the religion are nothing

74

Red flower blooms by the reflection of Thy sweet face ,
In its heart it feels grieved though outwardly looks cheerful ,
Thou hast come later than Yusuf, because
In the garden first comes yellow flower and thereafter the red.

75

O Sarmad, if He is faithful He will come by Himself ,
If His coming is possible He will come by Himself ;
Why do you run after Him in vain ?
Sit content , if He is God, He will come by Himself

76

Youth is past and the devil has been kept at bay :
My mantle is still free from the dust of sins ;
But alas ! with the arrival of old age sins have gained
strength,
A strange affliction has seized me but no remedy is to be
found.

77

Since it's for God to be kind and merciful,
There shouldn't be any worrying about sins and
evil deeds.
Compare the flash of lightning and the flood of rain,
How great is the mercy, how small His wrath !

78

My mad heart remained unsatisfied with the lot,
And never rid itself of aspiring ( for more )
Youth is passed and the greed still persists ,
We become old but not our desires.

79

The associates—how double-faced they are !
They keep Quran under arm and profess infidelity
Always like the pieces of the game of chess,
They scheme about striking against one another.

80

The butcher's son bears grudge against me,
Though I want him to be pure at heart like the mirror.
If he offers his hand I shall hold his feet ;
But if he leaves, it's better than his showing his
( annoyed ) face.

81

One who wants to know the transitory nature of time
Should study how the spring yields place to autumn.
One should not be deceived by tint and scent of
rose and wine ;
But what is seen should be regarded as unseen.

82

At every sin His bounties and generosity increased ;
Thus of our doings He put us to shame
My sins turned at last a guide for me to know
What were His bounties and what my crime

83

If the world-yields to the extent of your hopes
And if the sun and the moon shine as you desire,
( What use ) since you have to quit it
Even though Caesar and Faghfoor be your slaves ?

84

He who openes his eyes to Thy kindness and mercy,
Cares nothing about the wrath and anger of others.
One abandoned by Thee ( O God ! ) gets favour nowhere,
And one favoured by Thee is abandoned nowhere.

85

If you wish to have a share of His mercy and benevolence,
And to be in peace and comfort in both the worlds,
Be mad about Him, for it's an asset,
Be in His love, for it brings profit at last

86

By renouncing the world one gets peace for the soul,
And finds hidden treasures in this very life.
This rare gem which is not much valued upon here
Can be had from the stormy ocean of life

87

If you have a heart distressed even for a moment,
( That means ) you have been gifted with comfort of the whole universe.
If the seal of God is affixed on the ring of your heart,
The entire world, so to say, comes under your command,

88

Negligence is a great enemy for men upon this earth ;
But if you will know the worse still, that is a wish for high position.

Stir up as you grow old, for at long last,
Nothing could remain in hand except the remorse.

89

Be not grieved if you are granted a wounded heart ,
Be not happy if they bestow favours on you before all.
If you are grateful ( to God ) for this eternal wealth,
Much will be given you and before everyone else.

90

It's good, Sarmad, you have not complained against thy beloved ;
It's good, you have avoided talks of indecency.
You should be grateful to the time ;
The deed which was not good has not been done.

91

Look ! All of my dear ones have gone under the earth ;
They have been bound down in the valley of death
Everyone is obliged to turn to dust at last,
In spite of the great heights of eminence he may have achieved.

92

One drinks wine and passes on !
The other enjoys roasted meat and passes on !
But Sarmad dipping in the water of his bowl,
His dry bread, eats and passes on.

93

In the scales of providence, God weighed with the Sun
The sweet commodity of Thy face ;
One being heavier remained at its place,
While the other being lighter reached heaven.

94

Sarmad, the pang of love is not granted to avaricious ones,
The passion of the moth's heart is not given to a gadfly.
To attain union with the Beloved needs a long time,
But this imperishable wealth is not given to every one

95

Love and fidelity be your associates wherever you go!
Peace and comfort be your companions at all places!
Forget not to send us letters and messages!
Keep us in touch with you, God be with you!

96

All comforts lie in the love for the Beloved,
And not in aspiring for position and wealth.
Surrender your life and heart to Him,
And be not away from this immortal wealth.

97

Do not seek for the world, it's an enemy of the soul,
It's a burden which falls heavily on the heart.
It's necessary one should weigh it carefully
In the balance of one's own judgment, in this world

98

In the season of flowers an ascetic takes to drinking,
And in autumn he feels drowsiness at the thought of it.
Drink wine, O Sarmad! the hunter of heaven is on the move,
Every day planning to snipe at you.

99

Alas! my imagination failed to grasp Him,
Though it flew hard in this wilderness.
I'm vexed at this imperfect imagination which knows not,
Who gives shape to the spider's web.

100

The heart that is happy at being lost in grief for him
Is contented and free in both the worlds.
I found the same Reality pervading all places ;
The mirror that can receive its reflection—is a gift of God.

101

These men of the world are swayed by grief,
The insane among them are more numerous than the sane.
In this short life, on account of evil self
They are in the bonds of greed and lust and envy.

102

This world gave no peace to any one.
Indulgence in it is a bargain which yields no profit
Now it clings fast to your skirt—as it did to others'—
It has been so, so it shall be.

103

Though hundreds of my friends turned foe to me,
Yet the friendship of One solaced my heart.
Giving up diversity I adopted unity,
And at last I became attached to Him and He to me.

104

I saw many who carried nothing with them except pain
and remorse ;
They took away several disgraces of envy from the world.
In this short life, due to avarice,
They split their hearts asunder with grief.

105

These fools who know little of God
Grudge against each other for the sake of gold and silver.
Trust not the friendship of the people of the world,
Who foster enmity just for this short life.

106

These dwellers of the earth think ill about me.
There are true friends but very few.
An avaricious person desires much pleasure of life,
But the favourites of God are given to sufferings.

107

Upon this earth one makes friends for the sake of 'bread',
We ne'er saw any one who loves others from his heart.
All run for a morsal of bread from door to door,
That is the thing which inspires friendship in them.

108

Long hopes of life never came to end,
My foolish heart cared little about the consequences of deeds.
The nights ( youth ) passed in longing for an undisturbed sleep,
What to do now as the day has dawned ( old age has come ) ?

109

The moment my heart takes stock of its deeds,
So much grief and remorse crowd around it,
Not even for a moment does it pay heed to it,
That it should give up a thing that brings regret.

110

The heart has turned mad after one like Layla, and now
In this strange state the very home looks like a desert.
In old age and decrepity an ascetic became young,
That is, in autumn, spring has re-appeared

111

He who gave you the kingly throne ( or crown )
Provided me with all sorts of vexations,
He grants dress to the sinful to hide their sins,
To the sinless He grants only garments of nudity.

112

Besides Thee I do not wish to have another friend ;
My heart craves for neither garden nor spring ;
Thou art the nucleus of all of my thoughts and ideas,
And I think of nothing except Thy love and Thy moon-like face.

113

There is no pleasure but in the wine of love
And none gets ecstasy of unity ( with God ) without suffering ;
This tavern of the world is all headache, and it
Cannot be free from dizziness, grief and burden.

114

These men of the world are envious of each other ,
Lost in themselves, each one sings his own music.
All laws of love and affection have been thrown to the winds,
And they always quarrel in-stead of living in peace.

115

Choose one as a friend who might not betray you,
And might not disturb you in course of friendship !
Who might keep company with you all the time,
And should not get away even for a step.

116

These people who are lovers of gold and silver
Are careless about God, and foe to each other.
Although each one has his own predetermined lot
Yet they grudge against each other at God's gifts

117

Sober is one who drinks rose-like cups,
Thus gets relief from of the pangs of life
Drink wine as the hunter of heaven is on the move
Planning always to drag every one in the net.

118

Thou art one whose love turns everyone pale,
Whose wrath defeats leopards ;
Thy harsh-heartedness demands stiffness of our soul,
It is so because only a stone breaks a stone

119

In the slaughter house of love only the good ones are killed,
Not the emaciated and the ill-tempered ones.
You are a true lover, fear not death, for
One who is already dead is not killed ( sacrificed )

120

On the day I shall be buried underground
By Thy mercy, O God, I may feel better.
But on the earth peace is impossible,
If under it one has to suffer like this.

121

O cruel self what wilt thou do then
When thou art separated from the creation of God ?
Why wouldst thou quarrel and bear enemity to me ?
By mistake even, sometime, makest peace with me !

122

Of the wealth of the world no vestiges remain,
It disappears like dreams and imagination.
Be not happy over these unreal thoughts and hopes,
They are mere sources of pain and grief.

123

One who keeps His love alive in one's heart
Looks senseless but really is all-conscious.
There are but few who can perceive effect of the intoxication ( of love ),
Although this invisible wine flows ( in the hearts of ) all.

124

By bestowing love upon me, He made my position high ;
And relieved me of the obligations of the people.
He made me burn as a candle in the house,
And by such burning revealed secrets to me.

125

Though He knows about my sins well,
Yet He calls me every moment to the table of His bounties.
I contemplated much about my hopes and fears
And ( I find ) He is kind to me more than all others

126

He who understood the secrets of the Truth,
Became vaster than the vast heaven ;
Mulla says, "Ahmad went to heaven" ;
Sarmad says, 'Nay, heaven came down to Ahmad" ?

127

O Sarmad, they made thee intoxicated with the wine of love !
Lifted thee up and again pulled thee down.
Thou desired to remain conscious and worship God ,
But they made thee tipsy and an idol worshipper !

128

Give up vanity that Faith may get closer to you,
That you might stand at the head of all doers of good !
They will give you power to rule over both the worlds,
And the universe may be put under your care.

129

Just a word friends ! only if you pay attention !
"Drink cups of wine so far as available" !
With the help of it Jamshid attained wealth !
I fear lest you should ignore this advice !

180

These men of the world are careless about God,
Every morn and eve they think of gold and silver.
They suffer at heart in each other's company,
Though like the breeze they are to pass away swiftly.

181

O God, do not make me look for help from anyone,
To hope for faithfulness and love from anyone !
In the circle of events I have been bound down ;
Besides Thy door of mercy no relief is possible

182

Everyone asks for 'wealth and faith' from God
And prays for the gift of the silver-skinned Beloved,
But my poor heart desires neither of the two,
It cherishes union with Him and wants only that.

183

Who is there to mistake hypocrisy for asceticism ?
Why, God knows all about our fraud and insincerity.
You say, drink wine and be ascetic like yourself,
Tell this to one who knows you not.

184

O Sarmad, be wise to cut short your complaints
And do one thing out of these two :
Either surrender your body to the will of God
Or sacrifice your soul on the path of His.

185

Unless you annihilate yourself, you cannot get life,
This position is not granted to one with a weak will.
Like candle if you do not burn yourself out and out,
The thread of light will not be given to you.

136

O Sarmad, by granting love, they put me into disrepute,
And made me intoxicated, perplexed and mad.
My naked body was dust on the love's path,
That too has been cut from my body with a sword-blow.

137

Refrain yourself from the desire of gold and silver,
So that a pretty faced one may come in your arms !
Look ! the thread of Fate is not in your hand,
Be not therefore envious of one whom God grants.

138

As you see the sins and virtues of others,
Recollect your own sins and virtues.
That is a true virtue and nothing is better than that ;
Look into yourself rather than to the sins and virtues of others.

139

I go upon my head in the path of the Beloved,
O God, excuse me now as I have lost both head and feet ;
Why a sane one only can put shoes upon his head ;
How a mad one can tie a turban around his head.

140

In this ocean of life you are like a tiny bubble,
Which fears every wave that appears there.
Take mirror before you and look for a moment
Your reflection—how long will it last ?

141

Abandon all thoughts, fancies and ideas about the world
And pass like the breeze through the garden and the desert ;
Be not enchanted by the tint and fragrance of flower and wine ;
But be conscious ( of reality ) and give up ( vain ) desires.

142

Take me, my friend, as a man of philosophy and learning
And perfect in affection, fidelity and love.
I'm possesser of Truth and of magnificent form
Like a book, look into me in both ways

143

Day and night I feel shame at my evil deeds;
I know this secret and no one else knows it
With such a multitude of sins I'm not indifferent
to Thy kindness—
That is, I'm not quite forgetful of either of them
( mercy and sins )

144

O boasting ascetic give up vanity
That you may not suffer in the long run
They call you ascetic but you are a hypocrite,
Thus, they wrongly call the fair one ugly.

145

My sins as well as Thy kindness have no limits.
Really a boundless thing defies all measurements.
If I take stock of this for hundred years
Neither Thy mercy nor my sins can be counted

146

Abandon the society of the people and turn to God,
So that your heart may embrace the bride of comfort !
Release the thread of relationship off your hand
And get the wealth of relief and peace.

147

Surrender your will to the will of God,
And extricate yourself from grief and burden !
This dear life is an embodiment of passion,
Pass it in the company of the Beloved and waste
it not in idleness !

148

Keep your heart happy in love of the Beloved
And be in possession of an eternal wealth.
It's a treasure which gives no pain at last ;
It's a bargain yielding enormous profit.

149

By Thy mercy, O God, take me out of the whirlpool,
And lead my boat from this ocean of sins to the shores.
My sins and Thy mercy are beyond calculation ;
Really it's a strange thing which cannot be measured.

150

It's impossible that you can embrace your Beloved ;
Take imperfect and immature idea out of your mind.
The thing besides Him that you keep in heart,
Is a veil between you and the Beloved.

151

The heart in love's grief becomes alive at last ;
You too should get immortal life by this.
If you wish to enjoy His kisses and embraces,
Do not get away from Him even for a minute.

152

What to do, O God, my sins surpass all numbers ?
Take the boat of this distressed person out of the whirlpool.
I am sunk deep in the sea of shame and remorse,
Thy mercy only can help and take me to the shore !

153

If you do not give up meeting the sweet-faced ones,
You cannot get much pleasure from kisses and embraces.
These silver-bodied ones are devoted only to gold and silver,
Give not your wealth of soul and heart to them.

154

My sins and favours of the Beloved are numerous.
This is what is known only to me and my Beloved.
His merciful eye is in love with the beauty of sins,
So be not afraid of the evil deeds of yours !

155

Whenever you happen to meet a rose-faced Saki,
Perform at once the prayer of gratitude.
Be not neglectful of the pleasure of humility and submission,
Beware ! lest you should suffer from dizziness !

156

The thing that is defective and valueless,
Is the society of the people, avoid it as far as possible.
Too much of mixing up with the people is a source of trouble,
I have told you that the less of it, the better

157

Take me and Him ( inseparably attached ) as word and its meaning ;
Two different entities like eye and sight but one and the same,
The one never gets separated from the other.
They go together like flower and its smell

158

I keep Thy mercy and my sins ever before my mind,
I never forget the limitless nature of the two,
What I did and what might your kindness do !
I ponder over it day and night

159

Be not happy over your achievements in the world.
As for us, we care little about them.
There is no friend except the cup and the cup-bearer,
Hold fast the goblet of wine in your hand.

160

Like the signet of the seal, you still run after fame ;
Even on death-bed, you desire worldly successes.
Collect your necessary provisions from the store of life !
Harvesting season is come, and you are not ripe yet.

161

You will get nothing from the avaricious people,
And will never be let in peace by them.
For hundred years you may be whetted like a stone,
Yet you will remain ignominious and will never get
a name.

162

You never came out of the evil of self-love,
And did not become conscious of your real means of gain.
If you want both the worlds, turn to one side,
Except to that single path, attach not yourself to any.

163

I have no business with the mercy of God ,
Nor do I fear the consequences of my evil deeds.
He knows all—my sins and His forgiveness,
Why should I bother about any of them ?

164

O heart, in this short life, out of greed and avarice,
Do not burn me and yourself in a terrible fire.
Youth is passed and old age is come,
Try not to rekindle the dead fire and set it to the skirt

165

Be not happy over your life in this mortal tavern,
Whether a king or a beggar, you are not to remain for
ever.
It's proper you should not be careless in this short life
About the loving friend even for a moment.

166

You wish to have the world to the extent of your desires,
And care not to pray to God for the life hereafter.
Under such a state you will get neither this nor that,
And what you can get from the world, is only remorse.

167

O ascetic, by God, you possess little of wisdom ;
( If you have, ) give up this hypocrisy and asceticism and drink wine.
This goblet and cup are overflowing with Truth ,
Both essence and form are bubbling up in them.

168

O heart, let not yourself suffer from greed and lust,
And bear not this heavy burden upon your shoulders.
Your life cannot extend to the limit of your protracting hopes,
Then why should you suffer in vain for this short life ?

169

O ascetic, spare me from your good advice,
As this caldron is already boiling with the fire of love !
Be awakened and see that the tavern of heart,
By its wine of love is so tumultuous.

170

In this tavern, O friend, be not without the Beloved,
And be never without the rosy-cheeked Saki !
This cup that reflects the world is not granted to everyone,
Be not indifferent towards this eternal wealth

171

Drink wine of love-for-the-beloved continuously,
And sell not your Faith in exchange of this short life.
This fire of desire which you have kindled,
Will become a storm if it is not put out.

172

Be not attached to wearing cloaks, take this practice
as evil,
And regard this useless asceticism as wrong.
Hold fast the thread of love of the Beloved,
And take this rosary and sacred thread as false.

173

The world cannot go along with you up to the last ;
Try on the path of God, who is a kind companion.
If you wish to reach the abode of the Beloved,
I tell you, O friend, that is the path leading to it

174

If you wish that you should not stumble against a stone,
Give up vanity and do not move in its path.
Don't submit yourself to the wishes of the heart,
And be ever at war with the treacherous 'self'

175

Your quest for means is a stumbling block upon the path,
In the desert of thought lie leopards in ambush.
Regard Fate as powerful and your efforts feeble
And put not this weak power to fight against Fate.

176

Distraction of my heart suggests my perfect wisdom.
Hardships of love are far above our imagination.
An ocean cannot be accommodated in a cup,
Though people talk about it yet it is impossible.

177

I wish my faded heart could be fresh as rose
And my soul could sing like a nightingale !
( I wish ) I could boast of spring in the days of autumn,
And could enjoy wine in the company of the pretty
Beloved.

178

Cut off from the heart the thread of long hopes
So that you may get relief from troubles of both
the worlds.
This orchard of life is not as lasting as there is
The smell of the bud of heart in the garden of imagination.

179

This worldly wealth is all grief and trouble,
Just think over it and see it's unreal like imagination.
The thing that begins with grief and worries
Is wealth and its burden ends in trouble.

180

He who is gifted with a little sound wisdom,
Never enters the circle of impossible thinking,
In a corner of the tavern he witnesses ,
There's a candle surrounded by hundreds of reflections.

181

It is a good wish that in the season of flowers
As He meets me I should enjoy the season of spring
Whenever He meets you, take it for spring,
Whether it is autumn or the season of spring.

182

To break the vow in autumn is difficult ,
To take a pledge with the Saki and wine is difficult too.
Just think, if in autumn the spring ( Beloved ) drops in
How difficult to rid of this breaking and taking of vows ?

183

As I became indifferent towards the consequences of
my deeds,
The life passed in grief, trouble and pain
I ever ask myself the same old thing :
What could I get from this precious life ?

184

Alas ! due to ( unreal ) fears and ( false ) hopes and desires,
The wealth of life has been wasted away heedlessly.
I became quite indifferent towards the consequences
of my deeds,
For whatever I cared about turned out impossible.

185

I am always at war with my unkind self !
In the sea of self I play the crocodile.
The greed and avarice are nothing but a fox for me,
As I am a leopard in the desert of fear.

186

I understand the significance of His kindness and mercy ,
I have thought well over the pros and cons of it.
His merciful eye is the lover of the beauty of sins,
The veracity of this truth is above all question.

187

How long should I fear the consequences of my deeds,
Should regret at them and think over my state of affairs.
I rely on his benevolence—why to fear
The past, the future and the present ?

188

I am bound to the circle of His love,
Thank God I am happy over remembering Him.
I got relief from the ephemeral greed and passion,
And threw away the heavy burden from my heart.

189

O Sarmad, as I opened upon myself the magic door
of secrets,
It was as if I opened a window of dawn in the evening,
Although I drove away all of my sleepiness,
Yet, as I became wide awake, I found all was a dream.

190

O God, grant me the treasure of contentment,
It is long since I suffered from passion and greed.
( Indeed ) religion ( faith ) cannot be bargained with
the world
And every moment I think about its loss and gain.

191

I'm an embodiment of avarice and passion
Though I am short-lived like the bubble and blade
of grass.
This unkind self which is so tumultuous,
Is just a breath in the sea of existence

192

That Beloved of mine pays no heed—what to do ?
The sighs of my heart produce no effect—what to do ?
Though He is ever present in my heart
Yet He knows nothing of my grief—what to do ?

193

The things which are of no avail—are we !
The plants which bear no fruits—are we !
We have weighed ourselves well in the scales,
The atoms which are of no account—are we !

194

I'm king in myself and under no other king's obligations ,
And for a couple of breads I never look to mean fellows ,
My 'self' is a dog and I am a dogherd ;
And for a dog I am not obliged to other dogherds.

195

True, if you call me a lover of garden and desert ;
True, if you call me 'a devotee of the cup' ;
If you say I seek this world and that world at times,
you are right.
It's true, I am looking for both of them

196

I'm infatuated by the beauty of quite another friend
I'm enchanted by the make-ups of another friend.
The world is engrossed in love for other things,
But I'm languishing in a totally different affair.

197

A stream of tears flow out of my heart ;
I feel attached to the uninhabited lands.
Thank God, from the society of the friends
I have been left alone ; I am a companion of unqa ( a fabulous bird ).

198

This rising up of the bubbles dates back to eternity,
And this sign of mirage has come down from eternity
This old inn of the world needs renovation ,
This house has been in ruins since eternity.

199

Every moment I happen to commit hundreds of sins
And suffer day and night due to the wishes of the heart.
I wish to get out of this net,
But Fate does not permit—what to do ?

200

I am madly in love with those curly locks ,
I did not wish it, it is Fate's doing.
They ensnared me into the net of those locks,
And owing to my indiscretion I got fetters on my legs.

201

Upon the earth I felt no peace for a moment,
The life passed only in pain and grief.
This worldly wealth is bad in either case :
Its excess gives trouble and its dearth grief.

202

I feel shame at my own doings ;
For long I have regretted at it.
I happened to commit what I ought not to have
O God, look to Thy mercy and not to my deeds !

203

Alas ! I'm disgraced by the wishes of the heart,
As I followed the path of the proud 'self' !
Alas ! at the advent of old age I gave myself up to the world !
Wherefore did I put this heavy burden upon my self ?

204

I have sown the seeds of averice and always feel distressed ,
And collect variegated flowers of disgrace from it
This fire of desire which I have kindled in my self,
If not extinguished, will grow into a storm

205

I sin like youth though apparently I'm old.
It's long since I have been a slave to them
I expect forgiveness of all from His single act of kindness,
However large be the number of my sins.

206

With God's mercy I ever feel comforted ,
I'm contented with a barley bread and posses magnanimity.
I care for neither the world nor the Faith
And live freely in the corner of a tavern

207

The beauty of flower, I collected from the garden of creation,
And understood the significance of sins and forgiveness.
At the mode of His manifestation I'm much confused.
For what I saw was like the reflection of a mirror.

208

I witnessed the trials and tribulation of the world
At several places and not at one place only.
The source of light is in the hands of another ;
I saw the attachment between the moth and the candle.

209

Thank God, the Beloved has been kind to me,
I have found the favours of his mercy and benevolence.
The plant that is set bears fruit at last ,
I have plucked a flower from the garden of love.

210

We enjoy the best of luck in this land ( of love ),
The Saki is with us and sweet wine in the cup.
O ascetic, why do you call the wine-jar detestable ?
To me it is lawful , I never take it as forbidden.

211

I found His mercy and kindness greater than my sins ,
I became the actual balance, both the sides were weighed.
It's only the remorse that my evil deeds have brought forth
And I understood well what sins and forgiveness mean !

212

Alas ! I worshipped only the things created ( in lieu of creator ),
And due to mean efforts fell towards lowliness !
The wine gave giddiness so I became alert
It was youth and I behaved unmannerly.

213

Very weak and powerless is my heart ;
It feels disgusted at unkind treatment of the people.
Sometimes it pines for ( the pleasures of ) the world and sometimes inclines towards Faith,
Thus, it is divided and fallen between two contrary courses

214

The thing which I love most in this world
Is the safety of the soul from the worldly attachments
Against the people of the world and the world itself,
I want nothing but safety and security day and night

215

Every day and every night I regret at my mis-deeds,
Feel distressed and ashamed at my state of affairs.
What consequences will these deeds lead to ?
I always fear the consequences of my deeds !

216

My heart suffered much pain in this world ,
It has been in grief every morning and evening
Suddenly the thought of the Beloved crossed my mind
And the heart cast off the burden and became lighter

217

I swear by Thy love, O One, close to my heart and soul,
I feel shame at my deeds and Thy great kindness.
Every moment I calculate within my self,
That I sin and Thou showest kindness

218

Thou art one who allots happiness and sorrow ,
It's Thee who can relieve me of my grief
Though I have seen all and tried them well,
Yet it's Thee only who is ever benevolent and kind

219

I drank rosy cups and promenaded the orchards ,
And I filled the mantle with flowers of the garden of success ,
It's proper to go about the garden on new years day of spring,
But alas ! now in autumn I feel inclined towards blossoms.

220

Of the food of the heart, I have yet a portion left,
Of the provisions of life, I have still a forbearing self.
A dervish said yesterday : "In the kingdom of content-
ment,
Let there be no throne, we are happy with our dark lot".

221

Ever on this land with eyes full of tears,
I *feel drowned in the sea of shame and regret*
I wish not to be negligent of Thee even for a moment ;
Alas for my moments of negligence !

222

With the eye of heart I saw the beauty of both the worlds ;
By becoming myself a balance I weighed well its good
and bad.
The head that is heavy (wise) is a burden for the heart,
But that which is distracted is lighter

223

If you are let to live for a short while,
And if the goblet of heaven grants you Jamshid's cup,
Accept it not, for this will lead to grief,
This light intoxicating poison gives much headache.

224

Even though I myself excessively indulged in sins,
I received the gifts of His favours with geat liberality.
Thus by His kindness and favour He put me to shame
for my sins,
I have ever pondered over it and weighed.

225

How long shall I sin ? O God every moment
I feel ashamed at Thy mercy in the face of my deeds
What should one do when one is not pious ?
How shameless I have been in doing such evil deeds !

226

In my imagination I saw the whole world,
And attained peace for my own self.
Not to be moved by anything, good or bad,
I have learnt this trait from looking-glass.

227

Be not swayed by the sufferings of the world,
I have told you !
Be not happy ( over walks ) in hills and deserts,
I have told you !
Just see, this world is unreal like a mirage,
I mean, the ebullition of the bubbles and the waves of the ocean

228

It's better not to bear the burden of obligation to the people,
If you are really wise and strong-willed—I have told you.
It's just a vain hope to draw
Anything on the spider's web —I have told you.

229

My heart is much devoted to the love's grief ,
It has taken a heavy burden upon itself
O ascetic, give me not much of your counsels,
As my heart has a different business to look after

230

With the thoughts and ideas of others I have no concern ,
Though in style of ghazals I am a follower of Hafiz.
As for quatrains, I am a disciple of Khayyam,
But I have tasted little the wine he offered

231

Whatever have I said is ( unreal ) like the writings upon
the water , I have told you—
And also like the rising up of the bubbles— I have
told you.
After this it's difficult for me to write verses,
What I had to write has been written in my youth

232

By God, I never practise hypocritical asceticism ,
Nor do I beg from any one except the door of Truth
I am a king and rule the kingdom of Truth
And never do I quit the tavern.

233

By way of kindness He showed His face to me—
The one who is king of Arab and Ajam
This dream has brought graces upon me and enhanced
my worth,
Now the world in my eyes is not worth a barley corn

234

He is One who is always sympathetic toward me
He looks to His own mercy and not to my deeds ,
It's probable my repentence may do me some help ,
I regret therefore at the deeds I have done.

235

Live happily ever upon this earth !
Look, Kaikhusrao and Jamshid did not stay here for long !
I told you this that you may be aware of the fact ;
'The state of this world is ever changing'

236

Affected thus with the excess of love take to solitude ;
Come out of worries and walk in the path of comfort.
Be not agitated like whirlwind,
But sit at one place with a contented heartd !

237

For God's sake come and make my heart happy,
And fulfil every promise you have made,
Justice is a valuable thing , forget it not ,
And liberate me by yourself from all the snares

238

No good time has been seen upon the earth ,
How unfortunate if the same continues under the earth !
From passions that crowd the head it may be presumed,
No better time can be met with there

239

The state of things in the world is ever changing,
You will find here sometime spring and sometime autumn
Be not grieved at the ebbs and flows of fortune ,
You should always assign the grief to self and try for its cure.

240

If you wish to be happy for a day and escape worries,
Avoid mixing up with the people and sit alone
The peace of both the worlds lies in solitude !
Just listen to this word of mine and be in peace !

241

Thy love has taken abode in my heart,
It has taken possession of me from head to foot
I ever talk about it with my own self but alas !
It cannot be expressed—there lies the difficulty

242

Thou hast opened the door of mercy and benevolence to me
My heart has blossomed in hundred forms like a garden.
Thy mercy cannot be expressed even by a thousand tongues,
Although, every inch of me becomes tongue of gratitude.

243

This unreal life is nothing but a bubble ;
And this seemingly stormy ocean is only a mirage.
With the eye of heart it's visible
This world is all mirror and reflection, just see.

244

I grew old, but my sinning became young,
And the buds of shame opened in autumn.
These tulip-faced ones have made me behave like a child ,
I'm pious sometime and other times drenched in sins.

245

If you wish to be distinguished in the world like a gem
Get aside from the people and sit alone !
We have seen many in this wilderness losing
themselves,
In the coldness of the world and religious enthusiasm

246

Worries of the world on one side and the fear of the
faith on the other,
Neither is this good nor the other
The life is at its end the heart yet desires for fame,
But still, every good person has taken me for a gem.

247

As the love took an abode in my heart
The blossom ( of the heart ) bloomed in all its tints and
turned into a garden
In this old time we live manifest and hidden ;
And none can recognise us but by our words.

248

Let the love of God take root in your heart,
And have the chance to rise to great heights of fortune.
Forget not these words of the ascetic :
"Let the care of both the worlds get out of you".

249

Talk not about Ka'aba and the temple with every one,
And in the valley of doubt walk not like deviated ones
Learn the form of worship from satan himself !
Take only one as the object of worship , bend not before
any other

250

In spring take up residence in the lane of magis !
Throw yourself at the door of madness, and be
careless of all !
This woolen cloak which is all burden and worry
Cast it off the shoulder and get relieved

251

Close not the door of kindness and generosity upon me
Drive not away the one whom Thou hast favoured
With this infirmity I cannot bear the burden,
In old age let me not sin much

252

O one who thinks about getting into the service of kings,
(Should know that) none has lived for ever upon the earth
I have seen the foreheads of kings knitted with wrinkles ,
This world is not worth even one of these wrinkles

253

If you wish to win fame and name in the world,
Like a signet sit content in one place.
Be at one place like the foot-print,
For the sands of the path are not without stones

254

I could not meet even once whom my heart desires,
Nor did I see any one who could sympathise with me
The flower that smells fidelity is very rare,
See springs and autumns of the world '

255

Out of Thy mercy, O God, make my distressed heart cheerful,
Make the desert land of soul and body fertile.
I wish to have the bride of pleasure in my arms ,
Relieve me from the net of pain and worry !

256

O tulip-faced, cyprus-statured, silver-bodied one !
It's spring, walk about the garden
It's pity that you lie at home like a bud,
When the primrose, lillies and rose are about to fade.

257

Since Thy love and thought have taken abode in my heart
It has blossomed forth in all hue and become a garden
My thoughts are different and so is the form of my thinking ·
Here the word follows the master of the sense (?)

258

For what purpose to aspire for high positions ?
It's simply to waste away one's own life.
What is the need for the sake of name
To suffer agony like the signet and blacken the face ?

259

What will you do with these long hopes ?
Wherefore to suffer pangs for protracted desires ?
The thread of life is fast being twisted—
With this feeble will what can one do ?

260

O Companion, do good in this tavern ( world ) ,
For you are only for a moment here, tease no one !
Try hard to please the holy person,
Be friendly to a distressed heart whenever you find it.

261

Keep your heart happy with the memory of the Beloved
And relieve yourself of worries, pains and sorrows
The friends who were close to you day and night.
Remember them ever in weal and woe

262

The ocean of His mercy is boundless ,
Tongue falls short of gratitude and heart is bewildered
Sins however great His kindness is greater—
We actually swim through the sea of sin

263

It makes me ascetic sometimes and sometimes old magi ,
I never saw the state of world constant
It's green like a tree sometimes, and sometimes naked,
bereft of leaves,
It blooms out of season and brings spring even in
autumn !

264

Without Thy kindness my difficulties will not be resolved
And it's ( due to this ) that my heart suffers ever.
O God make the crop of my hope fruitful,
So that the treasure of relief may come to my lot'

265

Take to loving Him and enjoy successes,
There is no wealth of comfort besides this '
Without His love nothing could be achieved
Wether you seek the world or the Faith

266

If you wish to escape pangs and running after reliefs,
Avoid the society of men of the world
Regard them all as scorpions and snakes,
Seek safety from the friendship of these associates !

267

Beware of ( the enmity of ) the envious friends,
Protect your glass as you see a stone !
Be not happy over the friendship of these people !
It's better to fear the company of them

268

How long under the sky and upon the earth,
Will you run about anxiously for gold and silver ?
Sit like the signet in a corner alone,
For all this is only a mirage and writing upon the water.

269

Turn to renunciation for a moment
And make yourself lighter by throwing off this burden of the world
Just open your eye and close it again ,
O unconscious one be aware of your self !

270

Your heart never turns away from the sufferings of the world ,
Your indolent heart never became wide awake ,
You never sowed the seed of repentance—at last,
What will be thy gain from this hateful crop ?

271

Every hair of my body is drenched deep in sin,
From me proceeds all evil and from Thee, O God, all good !
How long shall I sin and Thou wilt be kind ?
So disturbed I am at my sins and at Thy kindness

272

Give up vanity and be safe from the troubles of the world !
How long will you be a thorn ? Be flowers at times !
Be a foe to your unkind self !
I advise, O friend, be a foe to your self.

273

To know Him with the common reason is impossible ;
To see Him with the eyes or heart, is difficult.
This insane heart and the eye are much perplexed
In seeing, perceiving and finding Him.

274

Be not proud of your wealth and property !
And do not take pleasure in drinking this wine !
There is not much time between coming and going of wealth .
Be not happy at one state and sorry at the other.

275

What is the cause of my distress—tell me ?
How long shall I have to suffer this—tell me ?
However sinful I may be Thou canst forgive me !
Who else is there to take pity on me—tell me ?

276

This glassy firmament which showers stones
Though seemingly peaceful is vicious at heart
It cannot be protected against but with the shield of goblet of wine
However the stone of disgrace flies from it !

277

Be not distressed by your vain whims and fancies ,
And be not evil-minded either at good or at bad dealings of the people !
Do not keep company but with the Saki and the cup
And make friends but with two or three persons only.

278

If you wish to be a friend of your self be an enemy of it ;
And be at safety from the devil of desire-for-the-world
This troublesome, heart-rending 'self' of yours,
Is a thorn, take it away from the garden of heart.

279

Every moment I feel shame, O God, at my sins,
The heart is all remorse and lips all sighs.
O wind of rescue this is time for help !
In the sea of sin my boat is wrecked

280

Nothing except pain and grief is attained from this lif
Get relief by dissociating from all these ( attachments
Give yourself up to God and fear nothing
Of whims, fancies and thoughts—from any of these

281

I never cared of my good and bad deeds ,
With the hope of Thy mercy I sinned and blackened
rec
From Thee comes the weakness and power of all
As "All power and strength lie with God"

282

Except at Thy door we have no refuge,
Helpless, poor and ruined as we are !
Neither have we power for piety nor for sinning
As "All power and strength lie with God"

283

A clever one with a glance took away my heart from
These black sweet eyes turned my bright day into da
( nigh
Youth and old age both at last joined together,
"All power and strength lie with God"

284

The life that has been ruined by the tyrannies of heav
Is due to the fact that I sought help from kings and
beg
I saw all of them and tried them ( one by one )
( And I found ), "All power and strength lie with Go

285

Alas ! we did not depend on the Fate,
And by devising our own means we ruined ourselves
Be not deluded by your of power and capacity,
As "All power and strength lie with God"

286

I ruined myself by my own evil deeds,
Now there's no refuge except in Thy mercy
Though I'm weak and Satan is strong,
Yet it's nothing, for "All power and strength lie
with God"

287

Whether I am a holy person or captive of sins
In any case I seek refuge with Thee,
Good and bad of every one is in Thy powerful hand,
As "All power and strength lie with God"

288

O ascetic, what profit could you get from this hypocrisy ?
Why do you wear one hundred cloaks of wool ?
Of this thread of rosary which is finer than hair,
You have made a rope for yourself ( to hang with )

289

In vain you have sown these seeds of greed,
Have you thought of what they will yield ?
Love for the world is an useless effort,
For it incurs loss that you regard as profitable.

290

So long you are entangled in the net of greed and lust,
You are captive of yourself, day and night in a cage
In the garden of life be free like a cyprus,
Whether you are a sanbul or nasrin ( flowers ) or thorn
or blade of grass.

291

In the world even if you become as high as heaven,
Be humble like the dust as you have to turn into dust.
Anxiety of the world is worth nothing :
Shake off your greed that you may become pure !

292

My sins are manifest from my own forehead,
Keep secretly an eye of favour on me.
All hidden secrets are known to Thee ,
Whether I'm bad or pious Thou knowest it.

293

Whether you have lost yourself in search of wine of pleasure
Or are tipsy with the wine of freedom in the world,
It's all nothing—Give up all, even the Faith and hold fast the skirt of the Beloved,
And let it not slip away from your hand as long as you live.

294

How long will you long for the ( pleasures of the ) world ?
And will wander about in jungles, hills and deserts ?
The skirt of contentment is pretty large,
Give it not away from hand as long as you live !

295

Not the heart and soul of myself alone are affected by Thee ,
Thou art one who lives at various places at the same time.
I find Thee beyond my imagination and thoughts.
That which my reason cannot grasp is Thee

296

O dear Soul ! why do you act foolishly ?
You should know how long you have to stay.
Why be proud of the unreal life ?
You are not for long—just for a couple of minutes.

297

He ever passes through the eye and the heart,
And every moment manifests Himself in a mode.
Where's that distressed one who enjoys the sight of Him,
Loses sense and does not regain it ever after ?

298

O wrecked soul thou art ignorant of God !
O wave of mirage thou art ignorant of God !
O life unreal thou art like the writing upon the water,
O rising of the bubble thou art ignorant of God

299

Thou hast shown mercy and kindness despite my
numerous sins,
And hast offered hospitality at the table of Thy
generosity
The more I sin the greater becomes Thy benevolence ,
Thus Thou hast put me to shame for my evil deeds

300

I know you are all gold and silver like narcissus ,
Just open your eyes and look into yourself ,
You ever suffer in the hope of getting position and wealth,
O blooming spring you are unaware of the autumn !

301

Be not careless of the men of the world,
And be not cheerful at the favours of that group !
Fly away from the company of theirs,
So that in the cage ( world ) you may not get wounds

302

In old age and infirmity, walk not about gardens !
And collect not flowers of tears in your mantle
In this garden as you are distracted like the bud,
Try not to bloom forth without the sight of a
tulip-faced one.

303

How long will you suffer in the hills and deserts ?
And how long will you groan under the burden of
passion and greed ?
This life cannot be as long as you will desire--
There's yet time for you to repent.

204

Alas you are unaware of your own state of affairs,
You are evil wisher and not well wisher of yourself
This intoxication of your indolence has much of
headache in it ,
Beware, you are not conscious of the advantages of
the morning drinks !

305

You suffer in the hope of getting wealth and position ,
Pass time with the Beloved and live in peace !
Be not careless, or you will have to regret much ,
If you know all about it you will attain freedom

306

O God ! a helpless one like me can't do anything
Except committing sins and unending indolence I know
nothing
Having become unfit for work I have become aware of the
value it
Alas ! I couldn't do anything worthy of credit.

307

You moved about towns, provinces and deserts at times ;
With all the hopes, you glided on the path of lust.
This caravan ( of life ) is about to reach its distinction ;
Just think in yourself where you have wandered about.

308

O heart ! in vain thou fearest the house-of-eternity,
Just imagine what thou art afraid of.
On the path of death there's no trouble but all comfort
That house is one of this ( world ) why thou fearest ?

309

It's better to fear these men-of-the world ,
As in this desert they are wolves and tigers.
The goblet of heart is afraid of stone-hearted ones,—
This glass is to be much cared about ( for its delicate form )

310

Alas ! you fear not the consequences of your deeds !
In the wasteland of lust you are torn of skirt and mantle
Regard this short life as mere nothing ,
Bear in mind, you are not on the earth but just under it !

311

An ocean is your heart if you become a swimmer in it,
Surely you will be a diver of seven seas of the world
In the ocean of your existence there lies everything—
You can be storm or an anchor

312

O heart ! by God thou art unmindful of God,
Every morning and evening thou runnest after gold and silver
( Thou art ) less unreal than the wave of mirage and the bubble,
As thou art passing on every moment like the breeze.

313

Every evening thou art tipsy of negligence ,
Thou hast closed thy door fast upon wisdom
The goblet of heaven overflows with enmity ,
Beware lest it should do you any harm.

314

If you wish to reach success and not to face bitterness
And to be in comfort and avoid burden of regret,
Learn to live with patience and contentment.
You suffer ever from the hands of greed and passion.

315

Thou art visible though Thou liest concealed
This hidden secret is known to Thee also.
Thou showest Thyself like a candle from within the Fanus ( shade ),
Thou art ever manifest in this garment

316

O friend ( God ) in this land Thou art the only sympathiser,
Thou art conscious of the condition of this poor man.
I have seen all and tried them well,
In helplessness Thou art the only faithful companion

317

In vain you pine for gold and silver ,
Nothing except regret you'll carry from this world.
Your unreal life is not more than a breath,
Like a bubble you are on the way to destruction

318

In the ocean of existence you are worse than a thorn and a blade of grass ,
Like a bubble you are in the cage for a moment
I tell you to get out of the net of negligence ,
In vain thou art a captive of greed

319

For the sake of this short life suffer not the pangs of the world,
And bear not this heavy burden unnecessarily !
If to-day you cut short your desires
You'll be safe from tomorrow's pain, sorrow and remorse

820

O unwise one, who is indifferent towards God,
Why are you mad about worldly wealth ?
All excess and shortage lie with God's will,
And over His kindness bear grudge to everything else

821

O dear soul, by God, thou art ignorant of the fact that
Thou art to stay for a moment or two in the body.
Even though thou reachest heaven and attain the position of the sun,
Thou art yet a particle which is quite insignificant.

822

If you wish to be a king and not a beggar, then
It's better you should not think about ascoticism.
Gain purity of the heart by drinking to the dregs,
And not even a step get away from the tavern !

823

Alas ! you are negligent of the life itself ;
You are always tipsy with the wine of vanity.
However high you may rise like a flame you are mere nothing ,
And due to this revolt you are bound to fall down !

824

Thou art cyprus or primrose sometimes and sometimes jasmine ,
Sometimes mountain or desert and sometimes garden ;
Sometimes light of the lamp and sometimes scent of flowers ;
Sometimes Thou art in the garden and sometimes in a meeting.

325

However unkind and teasing Thou mayest be,
Yet Thou art more sympathtetic and faithful than
any one else.
In the world of trials as I moved I saw,
Whereever there is a distressed heart Thou art with it.

326

In religion, O Sarmad, you have created a strange confusion,
As you have offered your faith to the intoxicating eyes
( of the Beloved )
With all humility and politeness you approached
And offered all your gains to the idol-worshipper.

327

Alas ! from head to foot you are an embodiment of lust,
Just think and see what you really are !
I asked you to devise means to get out of the snare of
indolence,
You are in a cage as long as you are a captive of greed.

328

O heart, thou art distressed due to excessive greed
and avarice,
It would have been better if thou were content
with thy lot ,
But thou hast made thyself slight and a blot for
the worlds,
And due to this heavy burden thou hast become
shattered and sorrowful

329

O heart in the world thou hast lost thy path,
And got wedded to terrible lust and greed ,
I wish thou couldst get out of this net of difficulties,
As Thou art an embodiment of pain, sorrow and sighs !

330

( Alas ! ) You didn't get relief from avarice and greed
even for a moment,
Nor even from the worries about the consequences
of deeds ,
Like every fool who cares only about his own person,
You became mean like to a dog and could not become
man.

331

You are fast asleeep and know not about thy own self ,
This carelessness bears no fruit but of remorse
All associates have parted and you are on the way,
And you do not keep in mind your unreal life.

332

Everyday you are lost in the ocean of avarice,
And sleep whole night in the darkness of carelessness ,
The time of youth is past and old age arrived,
It's time you would realise the beauties of the garden.

333

O breeze, take this message to Mirza Bakhshi,
Who wields his powers over higher heavens :
"Since thou couldst grant stars in place of dirhams,
Be kind to grant me my 'sun'."

334

O Sarmad, thou hast won a great name in the world,
Since thou hast turned away from infidelity to Islam, ,
What wrong was there in God and His prophet,
That thou hast become a disciple of Lachhman and Rama.

۱۱

ترک کردم چار هائی حله از ماوائی خویش — نورِ حق را دیده ام از زیر تا بالائی خویش
گر تو میخواهی چنیں هم شو جدا از جائی خود — تا نه بینی مظهرِ حق جمله سر تا پائی خویش

۱۲

عجب سنگیں دل و نامهرباں افتاد یارِ من — نمیدانم باو آخر چه خواهد گشت کارِ من
بروزِ بیکسی جز سایه ام کس نیست یارِ من — ولی آنهم ندارد طاقتِ شب هائی تارِ من

۱۳

اعتبارِ وعده هائی مردمِ دنیا غلط — هاں غلط آری غلط امشب غلط فردا غلط
نسخهٔ سائی دیوانِ عمرِ ما مپرس — خط غلط معنی غلط انشا غلط املا غلط

۱۴

حالِ شیی است سلیمانیم نیک بود ز افسرِ سلطانی
چهل سال که مرا پوشید مش کهنه نه شد جامهٔ عریانی

۱۵

شاهِ شاهانیم زاهد چوں تو عریاں نیستم
ذوق و شوقِ شورشم لیکن پریشاں نیستم
بت پرستم کافرم از اهلِ ایماں نیستم
سوئی مسجد می روم اما مسلماں نیستم

(از جواهر منظوم)

# کتبه بر مزار سرمد واقع دهلی

شاهِ سرمد در عهدِ عالمگیر — چوں سفر ساخته بخلدِ برین
گفت تاریخ اکبرِ مسکین — لحدِ مرقد شهیدِ سرمد این

۱۸/ ماه ربیع الثانی – سنه ۱۰۷۰ هجری

۵

سرمد که عندلیب است پروانی رر ندارد
یارش گل است و گل را یکمشت رر صرورست

(بیاض مجنون)

٦

با سرِ خود را چو کوه و ر یرِ پا دانسته ایم شهرِ دهلی را سانِ کربلا دانسته ایم
رفت منصور ار قضا و رفت سرمد نیر هم دارها را ار عطائی کبریا دانسته ایم

(بیاض مجنون)

۷

عمریست که آوارهٔ منصور کهن شد
من ار سرِ نو حلوه دهم دار و رسن را

مجله ایشیاٹک سوسائٹی کلکته
جلد بست (نو) صفحه ۱۲۰

۸

در کعبه و بت خانه سنگ او شد و بت او شد
یکجا حجر الاسود یکجا بتِ هندو شد

(ایضاً)

۹

سرمد که ر عشق سرمدی یافت ار بادهٔ عشق بی خودی یافت
عشیار شد ر تیغ حلاد منزل بمقامِ احمدی یافت

۱۰

دل اگر دانا بود اندر کنارش یار هست چشم اگر بینا بود در هر طرف دیدار هست
گوش اگر شنوا شود حر ذکرِ حق کے نشنود ور زبان گویا بود در هر سخن اسرار هست

---

عاشق و عشق و بت و بتگر و عیار یکیست کعبه و دیر و مساجد همه جا یار یکیست
گر در آئی بچمن وحدتِ یك رنگی بین که در آن عاشق و معشوق و گل و خار یکیست

# اشعار متفرقہ غزل و قطعات وغیرہ

۱

سوخت نی وحهم تماشا را به بین کُشت نی حـرم مسیحا را به بین
زندۂ کش حان نماشد دیدۂ؟ گر ندیدستی بیا ما را به بین
ایکه ار دیدارِ یوسف غافلی داغِ یعقوب و زلیحا را به بین
ایکه ار روزِ ندم در حیـرتی یك زمان این روئی زیبا را به بین
شاه و درویش و قلـندر دیدۂ سرمدِ سرمست و رسوا را به بین

منقوله ار تدکرہ مرآة الخیال

۲

پائی سرمد در رهِ سر دادنِ حود قایم است
یا رود سر در رهِ این راه یا ره سر شود

( بیاض مجنون )

۳

ما را ر حاكِ کویت پیراهنی است بر تن
آن هم ر آبِ دیده صد جائی چاك حورده است

( بیاض مجنون )

۴

ایکه مدارِ عرش را دائرۂ عظیمۂ کرده بحدمتِ تو صد همچو سپهر نو کری
نصف نهار وار کن شامِ منِ غریب را گر بحسابِ قطب چون نصف نهار بر خوری

( دبستان مذاهب )

۳۲۹

ای دل تو دریں زمانه گمراه شدی    پابدِ هوا و حرصِ حاںکاه شدی
ریں دامِ ىلا اگر ىحستی آخر    سر تا ىقدم درد و غم و آه شدی

۳۳۰

فارع ر هوا و حرص ىکدم شدی    ار فکرِ مآلِ کار ار عم شدی
چوں گاؤ حری که هست در فکر وجود    کمتر تو ر سگ شدی و آدم شدی

۳۳۱

در حوانی و ار حویش ىداری خىری    غفلت ىدهد بحسر ىدامت ثمری
یاران همه رفتىد تو هم در راهی    ىر هستیِ موهوم ىداری ىطری

۳۳۲

هر رور ىدرىاىی هوس گرداىی    ار ظلمتِ غفلت همه شب در حوانی
ایامِ حوانی شد و پیری آمد    وقت است اگر فیضِ چمں درىاىی

۳۳۳

ای ىاد ىسیم راىی حشی؟    کای کرده فلك ر ىر رایت رحشی
گفتی که کواکب چو درم می پاشم    حورشید مرا ىیر ىمی ىحشی

۳۳۴

سرمد ىجهاں سی ىکو ىام شدی    ار مدهبِ کفر سوئی اسلام شدی
آحر چه حطا دیدی ر الله و رسول    ىرگشته مریدِ لچهمں و رام شدی

## تمام شد

۳۲۲

خواهی که شوی شاه و گدائی نه کنی    باید که خیالِ پارسائی نه کنی۔
از درد کشی صاف دلی حاصل کن    یك گام ز میخانه جدائی نه کنی۔

۳۲۳

افسوس که غافل تو ز هستی هستی    پیوسته ز صهبائی رعونت مستی۔
هر چند شوی بلند چون شعله خسی    از شامتِ سرکشی در آخر پستی۔

۳۲۴

گه سرو و گهی سنبل و گه یاسمنی    گه کوه و بیابانی و گاهی چمنی
گه نور چراغی و گهی بوئ گلی    گه در چمنی و گاه در انجمنی

۳۲۵

هر چند که کم لطف و دل آزار توئی    بیش از همه غمخوار وفادار توئی
در عالم امتحان چو گشتم۔ دیدم    هر جا که بود خسته دلی یار توئی

۳۲۶

سرمد در دینِ عجب شکستی کردی    ایمان بفدائی چشمِ مستی کردی
(۱) با عجز و نیاز جمله نقدِ خود را    رفتی و نثارِ بت پرستی کردی

۳۲۷

افسوس ز سرِ تو نقدم بوالهوسی    اندیشه نکن نه بین چه چیزی چه کسی
آزاد شور دام غفلت گفتم    تا در هوس اسیر اندر قفسی

۳۲۸

ای دل ز هوا و حرص غمگین شدی    با بیش و کمِ جهان نه تسکین شدی
خود را سبك و تنگِ دو عالم کردی    از بارِ گران خسته و سنگین شدی

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(۱) بیاض محمون — عمرها که آیات و احادیث گذشت — عمرها جهانی دوئی بت پرستی کردی

۳۱۵

هستی به نظر چه شد اگر پنهانی    این رازِ نهفته را تو هم می دانی
چون شمع ز فانوس نمائی خود را    پیوسته درین لباسِ خود عریانی

۳۱۶

ای یار درین دیار غمخوار توئی    آگاه ز احوالِ منِ زار توئی
دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه را    در بیکسی ام یارِ وفادار توئی

۳۱۷

بیهوده در اندیشهٔ سیمی و زری    حاصل ز جهان بجز ندامت نه بری
بیش از نفسی هستیِ موهومِ تو نیست    مانندِ حباب رفته و درگذری

۳۱۸

درِ بحر وجود کم تر از خار و خسی    مانندِ حباب یک نفس در قفسی
آزاد شو ز دامِ غفلت گمم    بیهوده گرفتار بقیدِ هوسی

۳۱۹

از بهرِ دو روز رنج دنیا بکشی    این بار گران بدوش بیجا به کشی
امروز اگر دست زخواهش نکشی    درد و غم و انفعالِ فردا به کشی

۳۲۰

ای بی خردی که از خدا بی خبری    آشفته و دیوانهٔ سیمی و زری
بیش و کمِ دنیا بکفِ خودِ خداست    ور بخششِ او با همه کس کینه وری

۳۲۱

ای جانِ گرامی بخدا نادانی    در خانهٔ تن یک دو سه دم مهمانی
بر چرخ اگر روی و خورشید شوی    آن ذرّه که در شمار ناید آنی

۳۰۸

ای دل عبث از دارِ بقا می ترسی اندیشه بکن که ازکجا می ترسی
در راهِ فنا نیست تعب آرام است [1] آن خانه ازین جاست چرا می ترسی

۳۰۹

از مردمِ دنیا بود اندیشه بسی این گرگ و پلنگ اند درین بیشه بسی
مینائی دل از سنگدلان در خطر است اندیشه بود همیشه زین شیشه بسی

۳۱۰

افسوس که از کردهٔ خود نی باکی در دشتِ هوس جیب و گریبان چاکی
این یکدو نفس هستی خود نیست شمار پندار که بر خاک نئی در خاکی

۳۱۱

دریاست دلت گر تو شناور شوی غوّاصِ محیطِ هفت کشور شوی
در بحرِ وجودِ تست موجود همه طوفان نکنی و خواه لنگر شوی

۳۱۲

ای دل بخدا که از خدا بی خبری هر شام و سحر در طلبِ سیم و زری
از موجِ سراب و از خیالی کمتر مانندِ نسیم هر نفس در گذری

۳۱۳

هر شام تو از شرابِ غفلت مستی [2] در بزمِ هوس هوش محکم بستی
مینائی فلک پُر است از بادهٔ کین هشدار که آخر نه کند بد مستی

۳۱۴

خواهی که زنی بکام و تلخی نه چشی آسوده شوی بارِ ندامت نه کشی
با صبر بساز و با قناعت خو کن از دستِ هوا و حرص در کشمکشی

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(۱) آن جا نه ازین جاست (۲) خواهر مفهوم — هر صبح تو بی خبر ز همی هستی

۳۰۱

ز مردمِ روزگار غافل نشــوی ور گرمی این طایفه خوشدل نه شوی
واز یکی همیشه از صحبتِ شان تا در قفس فریب بسمل نه شوی

۳۰۲

ر پیری و ضعف سیرِ گلشن نه کنی صد رنگ گل اشك بدامن نه کنی
ون غنچه درین باغ پریشان گردی نی لاله رخی میل شگفتن نه کنی

۳۰۳

چند نه کوه و دشت زحمت نکشی از بارِ هوا و حرص محنت نکشی
ن زندگیت قدرِ خواهش نه بود وقت است هنوز گر ندامت نکشی

۳۰۴

سوس ز احوالِ خود آگاه نئی بد خواهِ خودی ولی هوا خواه نئی
، هــوشی غفلتت خماری دارد هشــیار ز صهبائی سحــرگاه نئی

۳۰۵

خواهشِ مال و جاه زحمت ببری تا یار بسر نکن که راحت ببری
فل شــوی بی ندامت بکشی آگاه اگر شــوی فراغت ببری

۳۰۶

رب ز من زار نیــاید کاری جز معصیت و غفلتِ بی حد کاری
. کار گذشته کار آگاه شــدم کاری نه شد از من که بیاید کاری

۳۰۷

. شهر و دیار گه صحرا رفتی در راهِ هــوس صــد تمنا رفتی
ل قافله نزدیك سر منزل شــد [1] اتمام سفر گشت کجــاها رفتی

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(1) در نسخه دیگر بکی که کجاها رفتی (نسخهٔ مطبوعه دهلی)

۲۹۴

تا چند در اندیشهٔ دنیا باشی   آوارهٔ دشت و کوه و صحرا باشی
دامانِ قناعت است بسیار وسیع   از دست مده درین جهان تا باشی

۲۹۵

تنها نه همین جان و دل و ایمانی   آنی تو که هر لحظه بچندین آنی
بیرون ز تصور و خیالت دیدم   آن چیز که در فهم نیاید آنی

۲۹۶

ای جانِ گرامی تو چرا نادانی   باید که بدانی چه قدر مهمانی
از هستیِ موهوم عبث مغروری   پیوسته نمانی ـ دو سه دم مهمانی

۲۹۷

در دیده و دل همیشه دارد گذری   هر لحظه پدیدار شود در اثری
کو خسته دلی که سیرِ این جلوه کند   از خود برود و ز خود نگیرد خبری

۲۹۸

ای خانه خراب از خدا بیخبری   ای موج سراب از خدا بی خبری
این هستیِ موهوم تو نقش است بر آب   ای جوش حباب از خدا بی خبری

۲۹۹

پیش از کهم بخشش و احسان کردی   بر خوانِ کرم همیشه مهمان کردی
هر چند که بیش شد فزود کرم   این طور ز کردار پشیمان کردی

۳۰۰

گیرم که چو نرگس همه تن سیم و زری   تا چشم کشودی و بخود در نگری
از خواهشِ مال و جاه زحمت نه بری   ای خوشِ بهار از خزان بی خبری

۲۸۷

ر متقیم و گر اسیرم بے گناہ  آں کہ ہر حال در آری بہ پناہ
ئ و بید ہر کس بہ ید قدرت تست  لاحول ولا قوۃ الاّ باللہ

۲۸۸

ہد تو چہ لذت ز ریا یافتۂ  صد حرقۂ پشمینہ بہم تافتۂ
رشتۂ تسبیح کہ باریک ز موست  محکم رسی براۓ خود بافتۂ

۲۸۹

سودہ سی تخم ہوس کاشتۂ  حاصل چہ ازیں کاشتہ انگاشتۂ
وداۓ جہاں سود بہ بخشد آخر  نقصاں کند انچہ نفع پنداشتۂ

# ردیف "یاۓ"

۲۹۰

دامِ ہوا و حرص تام ہستی  باید خودی شام و سحر درقفسی
راد چو سرو باش در گلشن دہر  گر سدل و سربی وگر خار و خسی

۲۹۱

ر دہر اگر ہمسر افلاک شوی  پستی نگریز کہ عاقبت خاک شوی
رردگی جہاں بیرد خوئی  دامن ہشاں زحرص تا پاک شوی

۲۹۲

داست ز پیشانی من عصیاں  داری طریق لطف نمی پہانی
سرا زپہاں بود بہ پیشِ تو عیاں  گر عاسی وگر متقیم می دانی

۲۹۳

ز در طلبِ بادۂ راحت ہستی  وز نشۂ آزادگی دیب مستی
یں ہم بگذار دامن دوست بگیر  در عالم مستی ز دو عالم رستی

۲۸۰

جز محنت و رنج نیست حاصل ز همه   فارغ شو و آزاد ـ نکن دل زهمه
خود را بخدا گذار و اندیشه مکن   این فکر و خیال و وهم مشکل زهمه

۲۸۱

از نیك و بد خویش نگشتم آگاه   بر فضل تو کردم گنه و نامه سیاه
از قدرت تست ضعف و قوت همه را   لاحول ولا قوة الا بالله

۲۸۲

غیر از در رحمتش نداریم پناه   بیچاره و عاجزیم با حال تباه
نی طاقت زهد است نه یارائے گناه   لاحول ولا قوة الا بالله

۲۸۳

شوخی زکفم ربود دل را به نگاه   شد روز من تیره ازین چشم سیاه
پیری و شباب جمع شد آخر کار   لاحول ولا قوة الا بالله

۲۸۴

احوال کز از جور فلك گشت تباه   این بود که از شاه و گدا خواست پناه
دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه را   لاحول ولا قوه الا بالله

۲۸۵

افسوس نه تقدیر نه بردیم پناه   زاندیشه و تدبیر شد احوال تباه
مغرور مشو به قوت و قدرت خویش   لاحول ولا قوة الا بالله

۲۸۶

احوال شد از زشتی اعمال تباه   جز فضل خدائست دگر جائے پناه
هر چند که من ضعیف و ابلیس قوی است   لاحول و لا قوة الا بالله

۲۷۳

آسان نبود مهم فهمیدن او مشکل بدل و دیده بود دیدن او
دیوانه دل و دیده سی حیران است دریافتن و دیدن و سنجیدن او

۲۷۴

از مال و منالِ خویش مغرور مشو درنشئهٔ این شراب مسرور مشو
در آمد و رفتِ این تفاوت بود دلشاد ازین معاش و رنجور مشو

۲۷۵

این باعثِ دلخستگی ام چیست بگو تا چند به محنت بکشم زیست بگو
هر چند بدم از کرمِ خویش ببخش غیر از تو بمن رحم کند کیست بگو

۲۷۶

مینای فلک که سنگ می بارد رو در پردهٔ صلح جنگ می بارد رو
غیر از سپرِ قدح گریزت نه بود هر چند که سنگِ تنگ می بارد رو

۲۷۷

از وهم و خیال خویش دلریش مشو ور نیک و بدِ خلق بداندیش مشو
صحبت بکسی مدار جز ساقی و جام گریار شوی با دو سه کس بیش مشو

۲۷۸

خواهی که بخود دوست شوی دشمن شو از آفتِ خواهش جهان ایمن شو
این نفسِ ستمکارِ دل آزارِ ترا خاریست کن از باغ دل و گلشن شو

## ردیف "هائے"

۲۷۹

هر لحظه ندامت است یارب ز گناه در دل همه خجلت است و بر لب آه
ای بادِ مرادِ وصل وقتِ مدد است در بحر گناه کشتیم گشت تباه

۲۶۶

خواهی نکشی رنج و نجوئی درمان　دوری نگزین ز همنشینانِ جهان
چون عقرب و مار کن تصور همه را　از صحبتِ همدمان امان خواه امان

۲۶۷

اندیشهٔ یارانِ حسد پیشه مکن　سگی که نه بین حذر از شیشه بکن
از صحبتِ این طایفه دل شاد مشو　از مردمِ روزگار اندیشه مکن

۲۶۸

تا چند تهِ سپهر و بر روئی زمین　از بهرِ زر و سیم نگردی غمگین
یکجا بنشین بگوشهٔ همچو نگین　این نقش بر آب است سراب است نه بین

## ردیف "و"

۲۶۹

با ترکِ تعلق نفسی یار شو　زین بارِ گران دمی سُبکبار شو
تا چشم کنی باز بهم باز نهی　ای بیخبر از خویش خبردار شو

۲۷۰

افسرده شد ز رنج دنیا دلِ تو　آگاه شد گاه دلِ غافلِ تو
گر تخمِ ندامت نفشاندی آخر　زین کشتِ ندامت چه بود حاصلِ تو

۲۷۱

شد بر تنِ من عرقِ گنه هر سرِ مو　از من همه زشتی است و نیکی است ز تو
تا چند کنم گناه و او فضل کند　شرمندهٔ جرمِ خودم و رحمتِ او

۲۷۲

بگذر ز خودی ز فتنه ها ایمن شو　تا چند شوی خار گهی گلشن شو
با نفسِ ستمگار خصومت بر کن　گفتم تو ای دوست بخود دشمن شو

۲۵۹

زین طولِ امل آه چه خواهی کردن  زین خواهشِ جانکاه چه خواهی کردن
سر رشتهٔ عمر هر نفس در تاب است  زین همتِ کوتاه چه خواهی کردن

۲۶۰

ای دوست درین دیر نکو کاری کن  بیش از نفسی نیست کم آزاری کن
خشنودیٔ اهلِ دل غنیمت شمار  هر جا که بود خسته دلی یاری کن

۲۶۱

خود را بخیالِ دوست دلشاد بکن  از محنتِ اندوه و غم آزاد بکن
یاران که شب و روز رفیقت بودند  از شادی و اندوهِ همه یاد بکن

۲۶۲

دریائی عنایتش نه دارد پایان  در شکر زبان قاصر و دل هم حیران
هر چند گناه بیش از رحمت نیست  کردیم شناوری به بحرِ عصیان

۲۶۳

گه متقیم کند گهی پیرِ مغان  احوالِ جهان گاه نه دیدم یکسان
چون نخل گهی سبز و گهی عریانم  فی موسمِ گل بهار و هنگامِ خزان

۲۶۴

بی فضلِ تو آسان نشود مشکلِ من  آسودگی از رنج نیابد دلِ من
سرسبز بکن کشتِ مرادم یارب  تا گنج فراغت شود حاصلِ من

۲۶۵

مُهرش بگزین بکامرانی بنشین  دیگر نه بود دولتِ راحت به ازین
بی دوستیش نیست میسّر هرگز  گر طالبِ دنیائی وگر طالبِ دین

۲۵۲

ای فکر کزین خدمتِ شاهان بگزین  پیوسته کسی نماند بر روی زمین
پیشانی شاهان همه پرُ چین دیدم  دنیا نبود قدرِ یك چینِ جبین

۲۵۳

خواهی که بدستِ تو بود نام و نشان  مانندِ نگین خانه نشین شو به جهان
پیوسته چو نقش پا بپاسا یکجا  بی سنگِ فلاخن نشود ریگ روان

۲۵۴

دلخواه نشد دو چار یارے به جهان  غمخوار نه دیدیم نگارے به جهان
آن گل که دهد بوئی وفا نایاب است  کن سیرِ خزانی و بهارے به جهان

۲۵۵

یا رب ز کرم خسته دلم شاد بکن  ویرانهٔ جان و جسم آباد بکن
خواهم که عروسِ عیش گیرم بکنار  از دامِ غم و محنتم آزاد بکن

۲۵۶

ای لاله رخ و سرو قد و سیمین تن  ایام بهارست بکن سیر چمن
چون غنچه مکن حجله نشینی ـ ستم است  گل میرود و سنبل و نسرین و سمن

۲۵۷

تا مهر و خیالش بدلم کرد وطن  صد رنگ شگفت این وشد رشكِ چمن
فکرم دگر و راهِ خیالم دگر است  بے صاحبِ معنی برد این جا سخن

۲۵۸

از بهرِ چه حُبِ جاه باید کردن  عمرِ خود را تباه باید کردن
مانندِ نگین چه لازم است از پیٔ نام  جان کندن و رُوسیاه باید کردن

۲۴۵

خواهی بجهان نام بر آری چو نگین — از خلق گزین کنار و تنها بنشین
دیدیم درین بادیه از دست شدند — بس سردی دنیا و بسی گرمی دین

۲۴۶

یک سو غم دنیا و دگر سو غم دین — این است که دیدیم نه آنست نه این
جان کندن و دل در پئے نام است نشان — هر یک گرفتست مرا همچو نگین

۲۴۷

در دل چو نمود مهر جانان مسکن — صد رنگ شگفت این گل و گردید چمن
پیدا و نهانیم درین دورِ کهن — مارا نتوان شناخت اِلا به سخن

۲۴۸

دل را بخیالِ او هم آغوش مکن — خود را ز فلک ز اوج همدوش مکن
این حرف ز متقی فراموش مکن — یادِ دو جهان ز دل فراموش مکن

۲۴۹

سرمد تو حدیثِ کعبه و دیر مکن — در وادی شک چو گمرهان سیر مکن
این شیوهٔ بندگی ز شیطان آموز — یک قبله گزین سجدهٔ بر غیر مکن

۲۵۰

در کوی مغان موسم گل منزل کن — خود را بدرِ جنون برون غافل کن
این خرقهٔ پشمینه که بارست و وبال — از دوش بنه فراغتی حاصل کن

۲۵۱

بر من درِ لطف و جود مسدود مکن — مقبولِ تو هر که گشت مردود مکن
از ضعف نمی توان گرانبار کشید — پیرانه سرم گناه افزود مکن

۲۳۸

خوش آب و هوا دیده به رروئی زمین مشکل که اگر زیرِ زمین است چنین
در سر که هوا هاست ازین معلوم است شاید بود هوائے آنجا به ازین

۲۳۹

صد رنگ بود همیشه احوالِ جهان گه سیرِ بهارش کن و گه سیرِ خزان
از پست و بلندِ او دل آزرده مشو همواره بکن درد بخودهم درمان

۲۴۰

خواهی که شوی شاد و نگردی غمگین از خلق کناره گیر و تنها بنشین
آسودگی هر دو جهان است همین یك حرف ز من شنو و راحت بگزین

۲۴۱

تا فکر و خیالش بدلم کرد وطن سر تا بقدم فکر و خیالم همه تن
از خود سخی همیشه دارم آما اظهار محالست همین است سخن

۲۴۲

بابِ کرم و لُطف کشودی بر من صد رنگ دلم شگفت و شد رشكِ چمن
یك فصلِ تو از هزار ناید به بیان هر چند زبان شود شکرت همه تن

۲۴۳

این هستیِ موهوم حبابست ببین این بحرِ پُر آشوب سراب است ببین
از دیدهٔ باطن به نظر جلوه گر است عالم همه آئینه و آب است ببین

۲۴۴

چون پیر شدم گناه گردید جوان شگفت گلِ داغ بهنگام خزان
این لاله رخان طفل مزاج گردند که متقیم - گاه سراپا عصیان

۲۳۱

از نقش بر آب هرچه گفتم - گفتم   وز خوش حباب هرچه گفتم - گفتم
(۱) این عالمِ پیری و زبانم خاموش   ایّام شباب هرچه گفتم - گفتم

۲۳۲

هرگز بخدا زهدِ ریائی نه کنم   غیر از درِ معرفت گدائی نه کنم
شاهی کنم و ملکِ فراغت گیرم   پیوسته ز میخانه جدائی نه کنم

۲۳۳

دیدار بمن نمود از فضل و کرم   شاهی که بود خسروِ اعراب و عجم
این خواب شبِ قدر شد و قدر فزود   دنیا بود بقدرِ خود در نظرم

۲۳۴

آنست که پیوسته بود غمخواره   بر فضل نظر کند نه بر کردارم
شاید که ندامتم ثمر باد رسد   از کردهٔ خویش منفعل بسیارم

## ردیف "ن"

۲۳۵

دل شاد بری همیشه بر روئی زمین   کیخسرو و جمشید نه ماندند نه بین
گفتم بتو این حرف که آگاه شوی   احوالِ جهان گاه چنان گاه چنین

۲۳۶

از کثرتِ شوق دوست عزلت بگزین   از رنج بر آ طریقِ راحت بگزین
پیوسته چو گرد باد سرگشته مشو   یك جا بدل جمع فراغت بگزین

۲۳۷

از بهرِ خدا بیا و دل شاد بکن   هر وعدهٔ که کردهٔ همه یاد بکن
انصاف عزیز است فراموش مکن   از دامِ همه بخویش آزاد بکن

(۱) من بعد رفتی شعر و خیالست حالی ( نسخه مطبوعه دهلی )

۲۲۴

هر چند که چندین گنه از خود دیدم   احسان و کرم بیش ازین فهمیدم
(۱)شرمنده همین فضل و کرم کرد مرا   میزانِ تامل شدم و سنجیدم

۲۲۵

تا چند کنم گناه یارب هردم   از فضلِ تو و ز کردهٔ خود منفعلم
آیا چه کند به متقی آخر کار   بیباکیِ جرم و بیحیائی کردم

۲۲۶

در گوشهٔ فکر سیرِ دنیا کردم   از بهر خود آرام مهیا کردم
هر یک و بدی که بیدار خانه رود   این وضع ز آئینه تماشا کردم

۲۲۷

باید مشو به رنج دنیا گفتم   دلشاد مکن بکوه و صحرا گفتم
عالم همه بایدِ سراب است ببین   ای خوش‌حباب و موج دریا گفتم

۲۲۸

باید نکشی ز خلق منت گفتم   (۲)گر صاحبِ فطرتی و همت گفتم
این است خیالِ خام هرگز نه کشی   بر پردهٔ عنکبوت صورت گفتم

۲۲۹

الفت به غمِ یار گرفتست دلم   بر دوش گرانبار گرفتست دلم
زاهد به نصیحتم تو بسیار مکوش   در پیش دگر کار گرفتست دلم

۲۳۰

بافکر و خیالِ کس نباشد کارم   در طورِ غزل طریق حافظ دارم
امّا رباعی ام مریدِ خیام   بی جرعه کشِ بادهٔ او سیارم

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(۱) ضمیمه جرم و کرم   (۲) فطرتی

۲۱۷

ای محرمِ جان و دل به مهرِ تو قسم   شرمندهٔ کردارِ خود و فضلِ تو ام
پیوسته بخود حساب دارم هردم   از من عصیان ز تو هم احسان و کرم

۲۱۸

آنی که بدستِ تو بود شادی و غم   کس نیست بغیر از تو برآرد ز غم
دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه را   پیوسته توئی صاحبِ احسان و کرم

۲۱۹

چیدم گلِ جام و سیرِ گلشن کردم   از باغِ مرادِ گُل بدامن کردم
نوروزِ بهار فیض را سیر نکن   هنگامِ خزان میلِ شکفتن کردم

۲۲۰

از قوتِ جگر هنوز لختی دارم   ز اسبابِ حیات خانِ بختی دارم
آزادهٔ دوش گفت در کشورِ فقر   گو تخت مباش تیره بختی دارم

۲۲۱

پیوسته درین دیار با دیدهٔ نم   در بحرِ خجالت و ندامت غرقم
خواهم که نگردم ز تو غافل یکدم   افسوس. ازین غفلت هردم. هردم

۲۲۲

از دیدهٔ دل حسنِ دو عالم دیدم   حیران شدم ز نیک و بدش سنجیدم
هر سر که گرانبار بود سنگِ دلست   هر خسته سری سبک بود فهمیدم

۲۲۳

بر روی زمین اگر بمانی دو سه دم   میانی ملک گر دهدت ساغرِ جم
زنهار مکن قبول ـ دل خوش نبری   بسیار خمار دارد این نشهٔ سم

۲۱۰

مائیم درین دیار پیوسته بکام ساقی نکارست می ناب بجام
زاهد چو خیم باده نگوئی تو حرام این باده حلال است نگیرم بحرام

۲۱۱

احسان وکرم ز حیرت افزون دیدم حیران شدم و هر دو طرف سجیدم
پیش آمدِ کارِ من ندامت شده است معنی گناه و معفرت فهمیدم

۲۱۲

افسوس که مخلوق پرستی کردم وز همتِ پست رو به پستی کردم
این باده خمار داشت هشیار شدم ایامِ شباب بود مستی کردم

۲۱۳

بسیار ضعیف و ناتواست دلم از جورِ جفایان بجانست دلم
گاهی غمِ دنیا و گه اندیشهٔ دین زین ره دو دلم که درمیانست دلم

۲۱۴

چیزیکه من از جهان بجان می طلبم جان را بسلامت ز جهان می طلبم
از مردمِ دنیا و ز دنیا شب و روز دیگر هوسم نیست امان می طلبم

۲۱۵

هر شام و سحر در غمِ اعمالِ خودم دلخسته و شرمندهٔ احوالِ خودم
آیا چه بود مآلِ کاری که شد پیوسته در اندیشهٔ اعمالِ خودم

۲۱۶

محنت بجهان کشید بسیار دلم هر شام و سحر بود در آزار دلم
ناگاه خیالِ یار آمد به کنار زین بارِ گران گشت سبکبار دلم

۲۰۳

افسوس که از خواهشِ دل مردودم (۱) چون راهِ غرورِ نفسِ پیمودم
چون پیر شدم قبولِ دنیا کردم این بارِ گران چرا بخود افزودم

۲۰۴

من تخمِ هوس کاشته‌ام غمگینم صدرنگ گلِ داغ ازو می چینم
طوفان شود اگر نه گردد خاموش این آتش خواهش که بخودی بینم

۲۰۵

در معصیتم جوان ظاهر پیرم عبرت است که پابند این زنجیرم
امّیدِ نجات است زیک فضل هزار هر چند گرفتار صد تقصیرم

۲۰۶

از فضلِ خدا همیشه راحت دارم سامانِ خوش قانع و همت دارم
بی بیم ز دنیا و نه اندیشهٔ دین در گوشهٔ میخانه فراغت دارم

۲۰۷

رنگِ گل از گلشنِ صحبت چیدم معنیٔ گناه و مغفرت فهمیدم
در صورتِ اظهار بسی حیرانم آئینه صفت هرچه که دیدم دیدم

۲۰۸

در سوز و گدازها تماشا کردم یک جا نه هزار جا تماشا کردم
سر رشتهٔ روشنی بدستِ دگرست پروانه و شمع را تماشا کردم

۲۰۹

صد شکر که از یار ترحم دیدم احسان و کرم بحالِ خود فهمیدم
نخلی که شاید ثمر می بخشد آخر گلی از باغِ محبت چیدم

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(۱) جوهر مقوم — در راه غرور نفس خود پیموده

۱۹۶

دیوانهٔ رنگینی یارِ دگرم حیرت زدهٔ نقش و نگارِ دگرم
عالم همه در فکر و خیال دگر است من در غم و اندیشهٔ کارِ دگرم

۱۹۷

از اشکِ جگر تمام دریا شده ام آشفته و دیوانهٔ صحرا شده ام
از صحبتِ همدمان ـ بوحدت قسم است تنها شده ام رفیق عنقا شده ام

۱۹۸

این خوشِ خاب از قدیم است قدیم این نقش سراب از قدیم است قدیم
لب تشنهٔ طرح نو ست این کهنه رباط این خانه خراب از قدیم است قدیم

۱۹۹

هر لحظه گرفتار صد تقصیرم از خواهشِ دل شام و سحر دلگیرم
خواهم که ازین دام رهائی ببرم تقدیر اگر نیست درین تدبیرم

۲۰۰

آشفتهٔ آن زلفِ گره گیر شدم تدبیر به این بود و ز تقدیر شدم
در حلقهٔ آن زلف اسیرم کردند [۱] از شومئ عقل پا به زنجیر شدم

۲۰۱

در زیرِ فلک عیش نه کردم یکدم شد عمر گرامی ز کف از درد و الم
در دولت دنیا دو طرف نقصانست بسیارئ او رنج و کمی مایهٔ غم

۲۰۲

از کردهٔ خویش منفعل بسیارم عمریست که پیوسته درین آزارم
[۲] چیزی که نباید شود از من شد بر فضل خدا بسکی نه بر کردارم

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(۱) از شومی عقل (۲) باید نه شود

۱۸۹

(۱) سرمد چو طلسم را که در وا کردم — در شام دریچهٔ سحر وا کردم

هر چند که خواب را ز سر وا کردم — دیدم همه خواب تا نظر وا کردم

۱۹۰

یا رب تو عطا کن ز قناعت گنجم — عمریست که از حرص و هوا در رنجم

دین را نتوان کرد بدنیا سودا — (۲) هر لحظه بخود سود و زیان می سنجم

۱۹۱

خود را همه تن حرص و هوس یافته ام — هرچند کم از حباب و خس یافته ام

این نفسِ ستمگار که پُر از شور است — در بحرِ وجود یک نفس یافته ام

۱۹۲

آن شوخ بمن نظر نه دارد چه کنم؟ — آهِ دلِ من اثر نه دارد چه کنم؟

با آنکه همیشه در دلم می ماند — از حالِ دلم خبر نه دارد چه کنم؟

۱۹۳

چیزی که گهی بکار ناید ما ایم — آن نخل کزو بار نه آید ما ایم

کردیم حساب و پیش خود سنجیدیم — آن ذره که در شمار ناید ما ایم

۱۹۴

سلطانِ خودم منتِ سلطان نه کشم — از بهر دو نان منتِ دونان نه کشم

نفسِ من سگ است و من سگبانم — از بهرِ سگی منتِ سگبان نه کشم

۱۹۵

گر والهٔ دشت و باغ گوئی هستم — گر شیفتهٔ ایاغ گوئی هستم

گه طالبِ دین و گاه دنیا طلبم — سرگشتهٔ این سراغ گوئی هستم

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(۱) کلیات الشعرا — صفحه ۵۱ (۲) شاناں مرفاد — هر لحظه دریں سود و زیاں

۱۸۲

در فصل خزان تو به شکستن مشکل   با ساقی و می عهد به ستن مشکل
هنگام خزان بهار آمد به کار   زین دردِ شکست و بست رستن مشکل

۱۸۳

از عاقبتِ کار چو گشتم غافل   شد عمر بیهوده و غم و کاهش دل
پیوسته بخود همین حکایت دارم   زین عمرِ گرانمایه چه کردی حاصل

۱۸۴

افسوس در اندیشه و در فکر و خیال   سرمایۂ عمر شد بغفلت پامال
از فکرِ مآلِ کار بی فکر شدم   هر فکر که کردیم خیالست محال

## ردیف "م"

۱۸۵

افسوس ستمگار به جنگم هردم   در بحرِ وجودِ خود نهنگم هردم
روباه بود حرص و هوا در طرم   در بیشۂ اندیشه پلنگم هردم

۱۸۶

من معنی احسان و کرم فهمیدم   میزانِ تامل شدم و سنجیدم
چشمِ کرمش عاشق حسن گنه است   آنجا سخی نیست مکرر دیدم

۱۸۷

تا کی بدل اندیشۂ اعمال کنم   غمگین شوم و خیالِ احوال کنم
بر فضل کنم تکیه و اندیشه چرا   از ماضی و مستقبل و از حال کنم

۱۸۸

در دائرۂ خیالِ او پابندم   صد شکر بیادش همه دم خرسندم
از دامِ هوا و هوسِ دین رستم   این بارِ گران ز دوش دل افگندم

۱۷۵

اندیشهٔ تدبیرِ تو پابست سنگ  در بیشهٔ اندیشه نهانست پلنگ
تقدیر قوی بدان و تدبیر ضعیف  این قوتِ و ضعف وامینداز بجنگ

## ردیف "ل"

۱۷۶

دیوانگیِ دلم بود عقلِ کمال  آشوبِ محبت است بیرون ز خیال
گنجایشِ بحر در سبو ممکن نیست  هرچند که گویند خیال است محال

۱۷۷

خواهم دلِ پژمرده شود تازه چو گل  جان نغمه سرا بود برنگِ بلبل
ایامِ خزان خوشیِ بهاری بزنم  با لاله رُخی نوش کنم ساغرِ مُل

۱۷۸

این رشتهٔ طولِ امل از دل بگسل  تا در دو جهان کنی فراغت حاصل
این گلشنِ عمر آن قدر نیست که هست  در باغ خیال بوی از غنچهٔ دل

۱۷۹

این مالِ جهان تمام زحمت و وبال  اندیشه مکن نه بین که وهم است و خیال
کاریکه ز اوّل بودش رنج و ملال  دانست زحمتش وبال است مآل

۱۸۰

آنرا که بود بهرهٔ از عقل و کمال  بیرون رود از دائرهٔ فکرِ محال
در گوشهٔ میخانه تماشا بکند  شمع است یکی هزار فانوس خیال

۱۸۱

این سهل تمنّاست که در موسمِ گل  او برخورد و کشم به سر موسمِ گل
هرگاه شود دو چار پندار بهار  گر فصلِ خزان است و گر موسمِ گل

۱٦٨

اے دل ز هوا و هوس آزار مکش  این بارِ گران بدوش زنهار مکش
عمرت نه بود بقدر طولِ امل  از بهرِ دو روز رنج بسیار مکش

۱٦۹

زاهد به نصیحتم تو بسیار مکوش  از آتشِ عشقِ اوست این دیگ بجوش
هشیار شو و به بین که خم خانهٔ دل  از بادهٔ کیست هست در جوش وخروش

۱۷۰

ای یار درین میکده بی یار مباش  بی ساقی گلعذار زنهار مباش
این جامِ جهان نما بهرکس ندهد  غافل تو ازین دولتِ بیدار مباش

۱۷۱

صہبائی خیالِ یار پیوسته بنوش  از بهرِ دو روز دین بدنیا مفروش
این آتشِ خواهش که تو افروختهٔ  طوفان شود اگر نه گردد خاموش

# ردیف "ط"

۱۷۲

با خرقه مشو یار غلط گیر غلط  این زهدِ ریانکار غلط گیر غلط
سررشتهٔ مهرِ یار در دست بیار  این سبحهٔ و زنار غلط گیر غلط

# ردیف "ق"

۱۷۳

دنیا شود آخردم با تو رفیق  در راهِ خدا کوش رفیق است شفیق
خواهی که بسر منزلِ دلدار رسی  گفتم بتوای دوست همین است طریق

# ردیف "گ" فارسی

۱۷۴

خواهی نه رسد پائی تو هرگز بسنگ  بگذر زخودی مکن درین راه درنگ
پیوسته جدائی نکن از خواهشِ دل  با نفسِ ستمکارهٔ خود باش بجنگ

۱۶۱

از بوالهوسان کام نیابی هرگز  زین طایفه آرام نیابی هرگز
صد سال اگر جان بکنی همچو سگین  بدنام شوی نام نیابی هرگز

۱۶۲

فارغ نشدی ز خود پسندی هرگز  آگه شدی ز سودمندی هرگز
خواهی دوجهان یك طرف راغب شو  غیر از طرفی طرف نه بندی هرگز

۱۶۳

از فضل خدا کار نه دارم هرگز  اندیشهٔ کردار نه دارم هرگز
او داند و عصیانِ من و مغفرتش  من کار بایں کار ندارم هرگز

۱۶۴

ای دل ز هوا و هوس ازبهر دو روز  خود را و مرا در آتشِ جانسوز مسوز
هنگامِ جوانی شد و پیری آمد  این آتشِ افسرده مدامی افروز

۱۶۵

دل شاد مشو ز دیرِ فانی هرگز  گر شاهی وگر گدا نمانی هرگز
باید که درین دو روز غافل نشوی  یك دم ز خیال یارِ جانی هرگز

# ردیف "س"

۱۶۶

دنیا بمرادِ خویشتن خواهی و بس  عقبیٰ تو نه کردی ز خداوند هوس
چونست نه دنیا و نه عقبیٰ ندهد  افسوس ندامت ز جهان ماند و بس

# ردیف "ش"

۱۶۷

زاهد بخدا نیست ترا بهره ز هوش  از زهد و ریا توبه کن و باده بنوش
دلبرز حقیقت است آئینه و جام  هم صورت و معنی ست در جوش و خروش

۱۵۴

جرم من و فضلِ یار افزون ز شمار   این همچو حسابیست که من دانم و یار
چشم کرمش عاشقِ حسنِ گنه است   زنهار ز کردارِ بد اندیشه مدار

۱۵۵

هر جا که شود ساقی گلفام دو چار   شکرانهٔ این نمار اوّل بگذار
غافل نشوی ز نشهٔ خمر و نیار   هشیار که آخر بکشی رنج خمار

۱۵۶

چیزی که درو عیب بود نیست هنر   آمیزشِ خلق است بگیرش کمتر
بسیار نئی اختلاطِ مردم رنج است   گفتم بتو ـ هر چند که کمتر ـ بهتر

۱۵۷

چون معنی و لفظ ـ ما و او را بنگر   چون چشم و نگه جدا و یک جا بنگر
یکدم ز کسی جدا نیابی هرگز   مانندِ گل و بوست بهرجا بنگر

۱۵۸

من جرمِ خود و لطفِ تو دارم به نظر   پیوسته ازین هر دو حسابست حذر
از من چه شد و چه می‌کند احسانت   میزانِ تامل شده‌ام شام و سحر

## ردیف "ز"

۱۵۹

دل خوش نشوی ز وصلِ دنیا هرگز   ما مهر نداریم ز آنها هرگز
جز ساقی و جام نیست غمخوار کسی   از دست مده گردنِ مینا هرگز

۱۶۰

چون نقشِ نگین در پئی نامی تو هنوز   جان میکنی و در پئی کامی تو هنوز
از خرمنِ عمر خوشهٔ توشه نگیر   هنگامِ درو رسید و خامی تو هنوز

۱۴۷

سررشتهٔ اختیار با یار گذار    خود را ز غم و محنتِ بیهوده بر آر
این عمرِ گرامی که تمامی هوس است    با یار بسر بر بعلت مسپار

۱۴۸

دل را بخیالِ یار خوشنود بدار    سررشتهٔ این دولتِ سرمد بکف آر
گنج است که رنجش نه بود آخر کار    سود است که سودش بود افزون ز شمار

۱۴۹

یارب بکرم مرا ز گرداب بر آر    از بحر گناه کشتیم گیر کنار
احرامِ من و احسانِ تو بی حد و حساب    این طرفه حساب است که باید شمار

۱۵۰

ممکن نه بود که یار آید به کنار    خود را ز خیالِ خام و اندیشه بر آر
هر چیز که غیر اوست در سینهٔ تست    بسیار حجابیست میانِ تو و یار

۱۵۱

دل از غمِ عشق جان شود آخر کار    سررشتهٔ این عمرِ ابد را بکف آر
خواهی که نصیبِ تو شود بوس و کنار    زنهار ازو مگیر یك لحظه کنار

۱۵۲

یارب چه کنم گذشت جرمم ز شمار    کشتیِ دلِ خسته ز گرداب بر آر
در بحرِ خجالت و ندامت غرقم    فضلِ تو کند چاره بگیرد بکنار

۱۵۳

از ماه رُخان اگر نگیری تو کنار    لذت نه بری بیشتر از بوس و کنار
این سیمبران شیفتهٔ سیم و زر اند    نقدِ دل و جان بدستِ ایشان مسپار

۱۴۰

در بحرِ وجود ای حبابی کم تر   موجی که درین بحر فتد هست خطر
آئینه بکف بگیر و یکدم بنگر   عکسی تو درین آب بمانی چه قدر

۱۴۱

از وهم و خیال و فکرِ دنیا بگذر   چون بادِ صبا ز باغ و صحرا بگذر
دیوانه مشو رنگ و بوئی گل و مُل   هشـــیار شو ازین هواها بگذر

۱۴۲

ای دوست مرا علم و حکمت بنگر   در مهر و وفا و در محبت بنگر
من صاحبِ معنیم و صورتِ تعظیم؟   در من چو کتاب هر دو صورت بنگر

۱۴۳

شرمندهٔ کردار خودم شام و سحر   من محرمِ این کارم وکس نیست دگر
غافل هم ازین لطف باین عصیانی   جرمِ خود و هم فضل تو دارم به نظر

۱۴۴

ای زاهدِ خود فروش هرگز مغرور   باید نشوی که تا نگردی رنجور
گویند ترا زاهد و هستی فاسق   برعکس نهند نام زنگی کافور

۱۴۵

عصیانِ من احسانِ تو باید شمار   بی حد و حساب کی بیاید بشمار
گر پیش خود این حساب صد سال کنم   نه فضلِ تو نه جرمِ من آید شمار

۱۴۶

از مردمِ دنیا بخدا گیر کنار   تا دل بکشد عروسِ راحت به کنار
سررشتهٔ اختلاط از دست بده   سرمایهٔ آرام و فراغت به کف آر

۱۳۳

آن کیست که او زهد و ریا نشناسد — در مکر و دغا خدا چو ما نشناسد
گفتی که مخور باده چو من زاهد شو — این را بکسی گو که ترا نشناسد

۱۳۴

سرمد گله اختصار می باید کرد — یک کار ازین دو کار می باید کرد
یا تن برضائی دوست می باید داد [۱] — یا جان برهش نثار می باید کرد

۱۳۵

تا نیست نه گردی رهِ هستت نه دهند — این مرتبه با همتِ پستت نه دهند
چون شمع قرارِ سوختن تا نه دهی — سررشتهٔ روشنی بدستت نه دهند

۱۳۶

سرمد ما را عشق رسوا کردند — سرمست و سراسیمه و شیدا کردند
عریانیِ تن بود عار رهِ دوست — آن سِر به تیغ از سر ما وا کردند

## ردیف "ر"

۱۳۷

خود را بکن از مهرِ زر و سیم کنار — تا ماه رخی سیم بر آید به کنار
سررشتهٔ قسمت به کفِ تو خود نیست — آن را که خدا داد او کینه مدار

۱۳۸

هر گاه که بینی ز کسی عیب و هنر — عیب و هنرِ خویش در آور به نظر
این است هنر بهتر ازین نیست دگر — خود را بنگر بعیب مردم منگر

۱۳۹

[۲] سرپا شد و پائی سر مرا در رهِ یار — من بی سر و پا شدم تو معذورم دار
هشیار بسر چگونه پوشد پاپوش — دیوانه بسر چگونه پیچد دستار

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(۱) یا قطع نظر ز یار می باید کرد (۲) بیاض محمود

۱۲۶

هرکس که سرِ حقیقتش باور شد[1] او پهن تر از سپهر پهناور شد
ملا گوید که بر فلك شد احمد سرمد گوید فلك با حمد در شد

۱۲۷

سرمد که ز جامِ عشق مستش کردند بالا کردند و باز پستش کردند
می خواست خدا پرستی و هشیاری مستش کردند و بت پرستش کردند

۱۲۸

بگذر ز حودی که دین قربت گردد سر دفتر اعمال همینت گردد
در هر دو جهان سکه بنامت بزند عالم همه در زیر نگینت گردد

۱۲۹

یاران سخی هست اگر گوش کنید تا دست رسد ساغری نوش کنید
از پهلوئی جامِ جم بدولت برسید این حرف مبادا که فراموش کنید

۱۳۰

این مردمِ دنیا ز خدائی خبر اند هر شام و سحر درطلب سیم و زر اند
از پهلوئی همدگر جگر ریش تر اند هر چند که چون باد صبا در گذراند

۱۳۱

یا رب بکسی مرا رسائی نه بود امیدِ وفا و آشنائی نه بود
در دائرهٔ غربه پابسد شدم غیر از درِ رحمت رهائی نه بود

۱۳۲

هرکس ز خدا دولت ودین می طلبد یاسیمبری ماهِ جبین می طلبد
بی چاره دلم نه آن نه این می طلبد خواهانِ وصال است و همین می طلبد

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(۱) کلیات لشعرا —

۱۱۹ (۱)

در مسالخ عشق جز نکو را نکشند — لاغر صفتان زشت خو را نکشند

گر عاشق صادقی ز کشتن مگریز — مردار بود هر آنکه او را نکشند

۱۲۰

آن روز که جا زیر زمین خواهد بود — از لطف تو یارب نه از این خواهد بود

بر روی زمین هست حلاوت مشکل — در زیر زمین اگر چنین خواهد بود

۱۲۱

ای نفس ستمگر چها خواهی کرد — از خلق خدا بار خدا خواهی کرد

پیوسته سر جنگ و خصومت داری — گاهی غلط صلح نما خواهی کرد

۱۲۲

در مال جهان مآل هرگز نه بود — این خواب و خیال مال هرگز نه بود

از وهم و خیال خام خوشدل نشوی — پیش از الم و وبال هرگز نه بود

۱۲۳

هر کس بخیال او هم آغوش بود — دیوانه نماید همه سر هوش بود

کیفیت این شاه نکس ظاهر نیست — این باده نهان همه در جوش بود

۱۲۴

از منصب عشق سرفرازم کردند — وز منت خلق بی نیازم کردند

چون شمع درین بزم گدازم کردند — وز سوختگی محرم رازم کردند

۱۲۵

هرچند که عصیان مرا می داند — بر خوان کرم هر نفسی می خواند

در خوف و رجا بسی تامل کردم — پیش از همه مائل به کرم می ماند

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(۱) در تاریخ دکالله صفحه ۱۸ جلد دوم نوشته است که این رباعی از سید مولد ... حکم سلطان جلال الدین سال ۶۹۰ هجری گفته شد.

۱۱۲

غیر از تو مرا یار و نگاری نه بود دل را هوس باغ و بهاری نه بود
پیوسته خیال و وهم اندیشه شوی جز مهر و مه روئی تو کاری نه بود

۱۱۳

جز باده شوقِ دوست عشرت نه بود بی درد کسی شنهٔ وحدت نه بود
میخانهٔ عالم که پُر از درد سر است خالی ز خمار و ورع و محنت نه بود

۱۱۴

ابنائی زمان به یکدگر دل تنگ اند پیوسته بخود چو مختلف آهنگ اند
قانون وفا و مهر برداشته اند دایم بمقام آشتی در جنگ اند

۱۱۵

یاری بنگرین که بیوفائی نه کند دلخسته ترا در آشنائی نه کند
پیوسته در آغوش و کنارت گیرد هرگز ز تو یك گام جدائی نه کند

۱۰۶

این قوم که در دوستی سیم و زر اند غافل ز خدا و دشمن یکدگر اند
هر چند نصیبِ همه پیوسته خداست در بخششِ حق یکدگر کینه ور اند

۱۱۷

هشیار بود هر که بگل جام کشد خود را ز غم و محنت ایام کشد
می نوش که صیادِ فلك می گردد آخر همه را ز حیله در دام کشد

۱۱۸

آنی که غمِ تو رنگ را می شکند خوئی تو صبر پلنگ را می شکند
دل سختی تو حریص جان سختی ماست آنجاست که سنگ سنگ را می شکند

۱۰۵

این بی خردان که از خدا بی خبر اند · از بهر زر و سیم بهم کینه ور اند
در دوستی اهل جهان تکیه مکن · از بهر دو روز دشمن یک دگر اند

۱۰۶

این مردم دنیا همه بد خواهم اند · یاران نکوکار چه بسیار کم اند
خوش وقتی دل نه بوالهوس بسیار است · آنها که عزیز اند گرفتار غم اند

۱۰۷

هر کس پی بای جهان دوست بود · یک دوست ندیدیم ز جان دوست بود
چون سگ ز پی لقمه بهر در بدوند · این است شان که نام شان دوست بود

۱۰۸

طول امل عمر بآخر به رسید · دیوانه دلم عاقبت کار ندید
تنها بخیال خواب غفلت بگذشت · اکنون چه کنم که صبح صادق بدمید

۱۰۹

گاهی که دلم حساب کردار کند · چندین غم و اندوه عود بار کند
پیش از نفسی نه دیدم این کار کند · کاری که ندامت دهد انکار کند

۱۱۰

دل در پی لیلی صفتی مجنون شد · در عالم عزلتم وطن هامون شد
در پیری و ضعف منتی گشت جوان · هنگام خزان خوش بهار افزون شد

۱۱۱

(۱) آنکس که ترا تاج جهانبانی داد · ما را همه اسباب پریشانی داد
پوشاند لباس هر کرا عیبی دید · بی عیبان را لباس عریانی داد

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(۱) کار جهانبانی داد ...

۹۸

ایامِ بهار متقی جام کشد هنگام خزان خمارِ این نام کشد
می نوش که صیادِ فلک می گردد هر روز درین فکر که در دام کشد

۹۹

افسوس که کنهش بحالم نه رسید اندیشه درین بادیه بسیار دوید
بر روئی خیالِ خام حیران شده ام بر پردهٔ عنکبوت صورت که کشید

۱۰۰

هر دل که مدام غمِ او شاد بود از هردو جهان فارغ و آزاد بود
دیدم همه جا صورتِ معنی است یکی این آئینه هرجاست خدا داد بود

۱۰۱

این مردمِ دنیا که گرفتار غم اند دیوانه بسی دیدم و هشیار کم اند
[1]از بهر دو روز عمر از شامتِ نفس در حرص و هوا اسیر و بدحوا هم اند

۱۰۲

دنیا نکسی رونی فراغت نه نمود سوداست چنین خیال بیهوده چه سود
امروز چنین هست سوئی دامنِ تو تا بود چنین بود چنین خواهد بود

۱۰۳

هر چند که صد دوست بمن دشمن شد از دوستیِ یکی دلم ایمن شد
وحدت بگزیدم و ز کثرت رستم آخر من ازو شدم و او از من شد

۱۰۴

دیدیم بسی که سور و حسرت بردند صد داغِ حسد بخود ز عالم خوردند
[1]از بهرِ دو روزِ عمر از دستِ هوس دل را بغم و درد بهم افشردند

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(۱) جواهر منظوم - از بهر دو روزه عمر

۹۱

بنگر که عزیزان همه در خاک شدند در صید گهِ فنا فتراک شدند
آخر همه را خاک نشین باید شد گیرم که برفعت همه افلاک شدند

۹۲

آن کس که شراب می‌خورد می‌گذرد[1] وان کس که کباب می‌خورد می‌گذرد
سرمد که بکاسهٔ گدائی نان را تر کرده بآب می‌خورد می‌گذرد

۹۳

ایزد بترازوی قدر با خورشید[2] چون حسن نکوئی رخت می‌سنجید
این سکه گران بود به حنید رخا وان سکه سبک بود بافلاک رسید

۹۴

سرمد غم عشق بوالهوس را ندهند سوز دلِ پروانه مگس را ندهند
عمری باید که یار آید بکنار این دولتِ سرمد همه کس را ندهند

۹۵

هر جا که روی مهر و وفا یار تو باد آرام و فراغت همه جا یار تو باد
از نامه و پیغام فراموش مکن یاد آوریم تکن خدا یار تو باد

۹۶

بی فکر و خیالِ دوست راحت نبود اندیشهٔ مال و جاه و دولت نبود
سر رشتهٔ جان و دل بدلبر بسپار تا دولتِ پایدار دورت نبود

۹۷

دنیا مطلب دشمنِ جان باید شد دل خستهٔ این بار گران باید شد
اندیشهٔ سعدیِ این در کار است میزانِ تامّل به جهان باید شد

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(۱) در خادم محی الدین قصوری رسیده (۲) دبستان مذاهب صفحه ۱۹۵

٧٧

[1] سرمد کارِ الٰہ لطف و کرم است از معصیت و سیاہ کاری چہ غم است
رخشیدنِ برق بین و جوشِ باراں رحمت چہ فزوں غضب چہ بسیار کم است

٧٨

راضی دلِ دیوانہ بتقدیر نہ شد فارغ ز خیال و فکرِ تدبیر نشد
ایّام شباب رفت و با قیست ہوس ما پیر شدیم و آرزو پیر نہ شد

٧٩

یاراں چہ قدر راہِ دو رنگی دارند مصحف بہ بغل دین فرنگی دارند
پیوستہ بہم چو مہرہائی شطرنج در دل ہمہ فکر خانہ جنگی دارند

٨٠

قصاب پسر کہ نامش کینہ بود خواہم دلِ او صاف چو آئینہ بود
گر دست نمی دہد بگیرم پایش ور پشت نمی دہد بہ از سینہ بود

٨١

ہر کس کہ ثباتِ دہر سنجیدہ بود فصلِ گل و ایّام خزاں دیدہ بود
مائل نہ شود برنگ و بوئی گل و مل تا دیدہ شمارد آنچہ خود دیدہ بود

٨٢

در ہر گنہی فرود بخشایش او خوب [2] شرمندہ سازی طور کردار نمود
خصمِ رہِ من گناہ شد آخر کار این فضل و کرم چہ بود این جرم چہ بود

٨٣

دنیا ہمگی اگر بکام تو بود وین سکہ مہر و مہ بنام تو بود
آخر ز جہاں پشیمان باید رفت گر قیصر و فغفور غلام تو بود

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(۱) خیابانِ عرفان ـ صفحہ ۲۶۱ (۲) شرمندہ ساز قسم (جواہرِ منظوم ـ صفحہ ۳۶)

۲۱

دل باز گرفتارِ نگاری شده است　از فکر و غمِ لاله عذاری شده است
من پیر و دلم ذوقِ جوانی دارد　هنگامِ خزان خوشِ بهاری شده است

۲۲

چیزی که گذشت و رفت یادش ستم است　سوداست که سرمایهٔ او رنج و غم است
این عمرِ گرامی عبث صرف مکن　بیش از همی مگیر بسیار کم است

## ردیف "جیم فارسی"

۲۳

این شهر و دیار و کوه و صحرا همه هیچ　دیدیم تمام دشت و دریا همه هیچ
خود را بخدا گذار و بگذر زهمه　این خواهش و فکرِ دین و دنیا همه هیچ

## ردیف "خ"

۲۴

(۱) ای از رخ تو شگفته خاطر گل سرخ　باطن همه خون دل و ظاهر گل سرخ
زان دیر برآمدی ز یوسف که بباغ　اول گل زرد آمد و آخر گل سرخ

## ردیف "د"

۲۵

سرمد اگرش وفاست خود می آید　گر آمدنش رواست خود می آید
بیهوده چرا در پئی او می گردی　بنشین اگر او خداست خود می آید.

۲۶

ایام شباب رفت و شیطان نرسید　بر دامن من غبارِ عصیان نرسید.
پیری چو رسد معصیت گشت جوان　دردی عجبی رسید و درمان نرسید.

(۱) دبستان مذاهب ــ صفحه ۱۹۵

٦٤

هر چند که ا. حرم فرون اِحسان است    دل در عم و اندیشهٔ این حیران است
آما چــه بود مــآلِ کاری که نشـد    در حوف و رحا دیدهٔ من گریان است

٦٥

ار کارِ جهان تمام انکار حوش است    این کار کسی اگر تو سیار خوش است
حود را نکسار گیر و نگـدر ر همه    در عالم تدبیر همین کار حوش است

٦٦

هر کس نحیال اوست حالش حوست    هم اوّل کار و هم مــآلش حوست
سیار مسد دل ندیــا گفتم    هر چد که هست اعتدالش حوست

٦٧

وارسته دلم همیشه وارستهٔ اوست    پیوسته درین باع برنگِ گل و بوست
لســریرِ محت است میــاںِ دلم    ار کوره همان برون تراود که دروست

٦٨

[1] آن دات برون ر گـىد اررق بیست    داتیست مىید که حز مطلق نیست
حق ساطل نیر هست باطل حق نیست    آن دات حز مصدرِ هر متنق نیست

٦٩

نابود شــدم بود نمی دانم چیست    احگر شده ام دود نمی دانم چیست
دل دادم و حان دادم و ایمان دادم    [2]سود است مگر سود نمی دانم چیست

٧٠

[3] شد حشر کنون صورِ سرافیل کجاست    طوق ادب ار بهر عزاریل کجاست
ار بهرِ حرابِ کردنِ بیت الله    شد فیل نمودار ابابیل کجاست

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(۱) دستان مذهب ـ صفحه ۱۱۵    (۲) ولی سود نمی دانم    (۳) حیابان عرفان ـ صفحه ۱۰۵

۵۷

این جسم صد قسم ما بیاد است   این شعلهٔ خس در نفسی بر باد است
از دامِ اجل ترا رهائی نه بود   صیدی و سروکار تو با صیاد است

۵۸

از بهرِ دو روز فکر دنیا غلط است   دل بستن معموره و صحرا غلط است
مانندِ نسیم هر نفس در گذری   این حرص و هوا و این تمنا غلط است

۵۹

دنیا طلبان را نه براحت کار است   تا آخر دم فکرِ زر و دینار است
این طائفه را خیال مردن نبود   پیوسته غمِ سیم و زرِ بسیار است

۶۰

از مردم دنیا و ز دنیا وحشت   هر چند نگیری نه کف آری راحت
هنگام بهار و هم خزانش دیدم   در باغ جهان نیست گلی جز عبرت

۶۱

هرچند گل و خار درین باغ خوش است   بی یار دل از باغ نه از زاغ خوش است
چون خونِ دلم لاله نه بین در رنگست   این چشم و چراغ نیز با داغ خوش است

۶۲

از حد و حساب کار عصیان بگذشت   در توبهٔ اعمال بیاران بگذشت
از شامت عملت نرسیدم بو صال   عمرم همه در دوریٔ جانان بگذشت

۶۳

چندان دلِ نادان غمِ سیم و زر است   کو وقتِ بهار هم فکرِ دگر است
در وهم و خیالِ این و آن بیشتر است   از فکرِ مآلِ کارِ خود بی خبر است

۴۹

دل اگر دانا بود اندر کنارش یار هست | چشم اگر بینا بود در هر طرف دیدار هست
گوش اگر شنوا شود جز ذکر حق کے بشنود | ور زباں گویا بود در هر سخن اسرار هست

۵۰

تنہا نه همیں دیر و حرم خانهٔ اوست | این ارض و سما تمام کاشانهٔ اوست
عالم همه دیوانهٔ افسانهٔ اوست | عاقل بود آں کسی که دیوانهٔ اوست

۵۱

صد شکر که دلدار ز من خشنود است | هر دم نکرم هر عملی در خود است
نقصان نبی از مهر و محبت به رسید | سودا که دلم کرد تمامش سود است

۵۲

انساں که شکم سیری او یك ناں است | از حرص و هوا شام و سحر نالاں است
در بحرِ وجودش نگر طوفان است | آخر چو حباب یك نفس مهماں است

۵۳

این نفس ستمگار نه بیں شیطان است | پیوسته عیاں بود مگو پنهاں است
ابلیس خودی چرا به ابلیس بدی | در پیشِ خیالات تو او حیراں است

۵۴

اسرارِ می و جام بکس روشن نیست | این راز بهر مرده دلی گفتن نیست
زاهد بخدا که از خدا بی خبری | سر رشتهٔ از بدستِ هر کودن نیست

۵۵

دوریٔ نفسی از و مرا ممکن نیست | از یك حقی به گفتگو ممکن نیست
او بحر ۔ دلم سبو ست ۔ این حرف غلط | گنجایش بحر در سبو ممکن نیست

۵۶

خواهی نکشی رنج و یابی رحمت | از مردم روزگار بگزین عزلت
هر چند که بر روی زمیں راحت نیست | گر هست همیں است بدنیا راحت

۴۲

هر کس که درین زمانه دارد همت — باید که نه گیرد ز کسی حز عزت باید
ز آمیزشِ خلق کنج عزلت نگزین — ور نیك و بدِ جهان طلب کن وحشت باید

۴۳

نفعی نکنی اگر رسانی هنر است — سوداست درین سود محود بیشتر است باید
دین گوهر نایاب نه گردی غافل — این بحرِ پُرآشوبِ جهان درگذر است باید

۴۴

آن شعله که یاقوتِ دلم را رنگ است — گوهر نه محیط است و شرر در سنگ است باید
[1] او در همه درد ست و غافل همه خلق — این معنیِ رنگین چه قدر بی رنگ است باید

۴۵

دیدی که غم و عیش جهان رود گذشت — چیزے که در اندیشهٔ تو بود گذشت .
این یك دو نفس که ماند سرمایهٔ تو — هشیار که نقصان نکنی سود گذشت .

۴۶

دنیا نکنم طلب که کم تر ز خس است — بی دولتِ دیدارِ تو این هم قفس است .
خواهان ... و صالم و همین است سخن — درخانه اگر کس است یك حرف بس است .

۴۷

هر نیك و بدی که هست در دستِ خداست — این معنی پیدا و نهان در همه جاست
باور نه کنی اگر درین جا سگر — این ضعفِ من و قوتِ شیطان ز کجاست

۴۸

بی سرو قدی که رو نماید یار است — بی سیمبری که زر رباید یار است
آن یار گزین که هر چه خواهی بدهد — یاری که بکارِ تو بیاید یار است

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(۱) ؟ او در همه د ... ر دست و غافل همه خلق

۳۵

ایّامِ شباب شعر و اِنشا هنر است الفت بگل و ساقی و مینا هنر است
پیری چو رسید ترکِ دنیا هنر است هر لحظه خیال و فکرِ عقبیٰ هنر است

۳۶

هرکس که زمی توبه کند نادان است انسان نتوان گفت بگو حیوان است
این سلسله جنانِ غم جانان است (۱) هم آتشِ افسرده دل و دامان است

۳۷

آنرا که هوس پیش بود ناکام است مرغی که پئے دانه رود در دام است
این مال پُر از ملال بسیار و بال هر چند کم او پیش درو آرام است

۳۸

هرکس که گرفتارِ هوا و هوس است گر سلطنتش دهی بگوید که بس است
سر رشتهٔ زندگی بسی کوتاه است از طولِ امل حذر که دام و قفس است

۳۹

هرکس بهوس باغ جهان دید وگذشت خار وگل پژمرده بهم چید وگذشت
این صورتِ هستی که تماشی معنی است افسوس بر آن کس که نه فهمید وگذشت

۳۰

آنرا که هوس بیش بود آزار است از شر ب دینار دلش بیمار است
از گرسنه چشمی بجهان سیری نیست این طائفه دیدم همه جا بسیار است

۳۱

هر جا که غمِ یار بود آرام است نی این بجهان هر که بود ناکام است
غافل نشوی زیار و از بادهٔ ناب گر دولتِ جم می طلبی با جام است

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(۱) جواهر منظوم — هر آتش

(۱) ۲۸

سرمد حسمست وجانش دردستِ کسی است    تیر یست ولی کاش در دستِ کسی است
می خواست که آدم شده از دام جهد    گاوی شد و ریسمانش در دستِ کسی است

۲۹

هرجا که گلِ ایاغ و حوشِ چمن است    او مسکنِ دلِ حوش است ماراوطن است
گر باده پرست گوئی اورا حق است    ور راهدِ متقی مگوئی سخن است

۳۰

دنیا طلبان را که غمِ دینار است    بی مهرئی شان یکدگر سیار است
از عقرب و مار هیچ اندیشه مکن    زین قوم حذر کن که نیش وخارست

۳۱

زاهد تو نخور باده که سیار نکوست    ار حرقه نکن کنار صد فتنه در وست
بی شبهه حلال است نگوئی تو حرام    کیفیت این هر که بیابد همه اوست.

۳۲

اندیشهٔ مال و جاهِ دنیا غلط است    این وهم و خیال ، فکرِ بی جا غلط است.
در خانهٔ تن وطن نه باشد هرگز    ار بهرِ دو روز این تمنا غلط است.

۳۳

در عالمِ شوق قیل و قالم دگر است    ار طور سخن بیا که حالم دگر است
سودا زدهٔ صورتِ معنی هستم    فکرم دگر و راهِ خیالم دگر است

(۲) ۳۴

دنیا ز هوا و حرص سیار پُر است    هر جاست دلی در غمِ دینار پُر است
بیمار سی شربتِ دیدار کم است    این خانهٔ ویرانه ز بیمار پُر است

(۱) بیاض عنوی ـ "اسپ" محذوف است    (۲) دکتور نهیسو ـ دنیا ز هوا و هوس یار

۲۱

عمری که شد است صرف درلهو و لعب  بی پرسش اگر عفو کند نیست عجب
کے رشتۂ اعمال در آرد به نظر  آں را که کرم بوَد فزوں تر ز غضب

۲۲

کے جرمِ من و فضلِ تو آیا به حساب  این همچو خاییست که ناید بحساب
سررشتۂ این در کفِ اندیشۂ کیست  بی حد و حساب کے بیاید بحساب

۲۳

از ساقیِ کوثر مئی گلفام طلب  در پیری و ضعف جامِ آرام طلب
تا چند گرفتار بدنیا باشی  از فضلِ خدا نجات زین دامِ طلب

۲۴

(۱) اے بی خبر از هستیِ خود همچو کتاب  در جلدِ تو آیاتِ الٰهی به حجاب
یعنی ز تو حق پدید و تو از اثرش  آگاه نئی چو شیشه از بوئی گلاب

۲۵

سرمد تو ز خلق هیچ یاری مطلب  از شاخِ برهنه سایه داری مطلب
عزت ز قناعت است و خواری ز طمع  با عزتِ خویش باش خواری مطلب

## ردیف "ت"

۲۶

ای نفسِ ستم کار سراپا حسرت  در شکر ترا نیست هزاراں نعمت
قانع شدی گاه به کشتی خرسند  دنیا نه بود بقدر طولِ املت

۲۷

این خرقۂ پشمینه که زنار در وست  مکر است و ریا فتنۂ بسیار در وست
بر دوش مکش دست بکش تا نکشی  این بارِ ندامت که صد آزار در وست

(۱) منقوله از خیابانِ عرفانِ انتخاب از اشعار صوفیه ـ مولوی حسن بلگرامی ـ حیدر آباد )

۱۴

مرگ است دریں بادیه دنبالِ تُرا    این است مآلِ کار از مالِ تو باید
اوّل محنت و آخرش حسرت است (۱)    این مال کہ همیشه پامال تو باید

۱۵

گه مَہرُو وفا کند گہی نار و حفا    هر لحظه صد رنگ نماید خود را باید
آغوشِ نظر کشای که آید به کنار    یک گام نه گردد ز تو پیوسته جدا باید

۱۶

با معصیتم پیش بود فضل تُرا    هر لحظه بخود حساب دارم همه جا باید
هر چند که سر تا بقدم عصیانم    از بخششِ تو نیست فزون جرمِ مرا باید

۱۷

گر متقیم کار نیاز است مرا    با سبحه و زنّار چه کار است مرا
این حرقهٔ پشمینه که صد فتنه در وست    بارش به کشم بدوش عار ست مرا

۱۸

هر چند غرور دستگاه است این جا    (۲) بر خود پیچیدن عروج جاه است این جا
در سازِ شکستگی حضورِ دگر است    از سرمه شدن سنگ نگاه است این جا

۱۹

(۳) خوش بالائی کرده چنیں پست مرا    چشمی بدو جام بُرده از دست مرا
او در بغلِ من است و من در طلبش    دردِ عجبی برهنه کردست مرا

## ردیف "ب"

۲۰

آسوده دمی ز خود پسندی مطلب    زین همتِ پستِ خود بلندی مطلب
سودائی جہان سود ندارد چندان    نقصان به پذیر سود مندی مطلب

(۱) اول همه محنت است و آخر حسرت (۲) جواهر منظوم - غزو جامعست (۳) مآثر الامرا - جلد اول صفحه ۲۶

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

# رباعيات سرمد شهيد

## ردیف "الف"

۱

از حرم فرون یافته ام فصل ترا    این شد سبب معصیت بیش
هر چند گنه بیش کرم بیش تراست    دیدم همه جا و آزمودم همه

۲

از کار جهان عقده کشودم همه را    در محنت و اندوه ربودم همه
حق دانی و انصاف نه دیدم ز کسی    دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه

۳

در بادیهٔ تجربه یارب همه جا    افتاد سروکار به شت و
غیر از تو کسی به گشت فریادرسم    دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه

۴

ای جلوه گر جهان عیان شو بدرآ    در فکر نشستیم که هستی تو
خواهم که در آغوش و کنارت گیرم    تا چند تو در پرده نمائی خود

۵

شادی بود از دین و ز دنیا همه را    از هر دو نجات ده که شادیست
آشفتهٔ خود بکن که آنم هوس است    از پرده برون بیائی و خود را

۶

مشهور شدی به دلربائی همه جا    ی مثل شدی در آشنائی همه
من عاشق این طور توام می بینم    خود را به نمائی و نمائی همه

وراق فارع آمده ام همواره در انتظار آن حواهم بود که آقای فضل محمود
مرچه زود تر آنرا از چاپ بیرون آورد و بدست جویندگان این گوهرهای
ادب بسپارد ـ خدمات گران بهای که داشمندان هند از قرنها پیش تاهم اکنون
بادب فارسی کرده اند بیش ار آنست که در یکی دو صحیفه گرد آید و کتابی
بهاور می حواهد و شور و عشق آقای فضل محمود هم حود ار سطر سطر و کلمه
کلمهٔ این کتاب پیداست و حاحت نگفتن و یاد آوردن من نیست ـ
س حز اینکه ارسوی ادب دوستان ایران و ایرانیان که شیفتهٔ دیار خویشند
ازین خدمت گران بها که آقای فضل محمود مادبیات ایران کرده است شکر
گزارم و پایداری وجود بهره بخش او را ار یزدان بخواهم کاری از پیش
نتوانم برد و امیدوارم که این سر چشمهٔ فیض ار سود بخشی فرو نماند
ـ مولف داشمند آن کتاب مار آثار گران بهای در ادب ایران فراهم سازد ـــ

سعید نفیسی
استاد تاریخ ادبیات ایران و تاریخ تصوف و تاریخ تمدن
ساسانیان در دانشگاه طهران

شانتی نکیتن
۱۴ آذر ماه ۱۳۲۸

# دیباچه از آقای دکتور سعید نفیسی
## دانشگاه طهران

از هشتم آذر ماه ۱۳۲۸ شمسی تا امروز که برای شرکت در کنفرانس جهانی صلح جویان در شانتی نکیتن هستم روزهای فراموش ناشدنی زندگی مرا خواهد بود ـ در هر قدم که درین آفتاب مهمان نواز و پر بخش زمستان امسال برمی دارم دمی و اثری از رابندرانات تاگور شاعر بزرگ هندوستان که بنیاد گذار این آموزشگاه و پیشوا بهاراتی است می بینم ـ همه جا یادگار عظمت او آشکار است و این مرد از مردان جاودان دیار خود خواهد بود ـ شانتی نکیتن و ویشوا بهاراتی قطعاً همواره در جهان دانش و درمیان دانشمندان هند پایدار خواهد ماند ـ از فواید این سفر آشنایی خاص با آقای فضل محمود مولف دانشمند این کتابست که درین آموزشگاه تدریس زبان و ادب اردو بعهدهٔ اوست ـ هرکسی که خو بادبیات فارسی گرفته باشد درین سرزمین شاداب بنگاله و فرسنگها دور از ایران آشنای با کسی که بدین مایه شور و شعف از ادب ایران داشته باشد نه تنها مایه شگفتی خاص بلکه سبب سرور و شادی مخصوصست ـ دو سه روزی که درین سرزمین دانش و هنر با آقای فضل محمود محشور بودم از استیلای او در زبانها و آداب مختلف و از آن جمله زبان و ادب فارسی شگفت زده شدم ـ وقتی که بمن مژده داد که اشعار سرمد کاشانی شاعر معروف قرن یازدهم را گرد آورده و در سه دفتر برای چاپ آماده کرده است با شوق و شعف بخواندن آن راغب شدم و وی با کمال گشاده روئی مرا ازین غنیمت باز نداشت و سه دفتری را که بدین مقصود گرد آورده بود بمن سپرد و یک روز و یک شب آن همنشین من بود ـ از آن گاه که از نگریستن برین

اے بے خبر از هستیٔ خود همچو کتاب

در جلد تو آیاتِ الٰهی به حجاب

یعنی ز تو حق پدید و تو از اثرش

آگاه نِئی چو شیشه از بوئے گلاب

سرمد

# رباعیات سرمد